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THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

A NOVEL.

EDITED BY

CAPTAIN ASHTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1851.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

PART I.



THE INVESTMENT OF MAGDEBURG.



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THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the small beech-wood upon the Teufelsberg, near Klein-Ammersleben, through which passes the road from Neuholdensleben to Magdeburg, stood upon a hillock a solitary cross; two beeches bowed themselves over the half-fallen ruin, shading it with their branches. At its foot, beside his horse, stood a dismounted reiter, who, while his beast was scraping up with his fore-feet the newly-fallen snow, and stooping to crop the scanty-springing mosses, looked uneasily around him, now on the plain of Magdeburg, and now on the Neuholdens-

leben road, from which direction he appeared to expect some one.

An approaching sound of dogs barking, caused horse and man to start. The soldier mounted, and fixed on his helmet, grasped a pistol, and regarded for an instant the road by which he had come. There was a sudden rush through the thicket, and a deer sprang out and passed him in full career. Two greyhounds were close upon its traces, and were quickly followed by a horseman, mounted upon a rather thin but speedy horse, by whose side rode a young lady in a hunting-dress. At sight of the soldier on his black charger, pistol in hand, both started and pulled up, but for an instant only. The horseman, a man already in years, called in a low tone, "Come, Anna," and continued the chase. However, the soldier saw him shortly after leave the traces of the deer, and hasten towards Olvenstädt. At this moment a troop of light-armed horsemen approached from the opposite side, consisting of about one hundred soldiers of Colonel Holk's regiment.

"Now then, Lieutenant, here you are at last," said the man with the pistol, indignantly.

“Your horses have taken too good care of themselves to be able to follow me.”

“Hauptmann La Croix,” retorted the Lieutenant, “you infantry officers don’t know what horses can do, especially you who are on the Field-Marshal’s staff. If you ride a horse to death to-day, you take another to-morrow where you can find it; we, however, are obliged to keep our people mounted, and when the field-paymaster takes his muster, those only get pay who have horses; besides, you galloped as if an enemy was at your back.”

The Hauptmann did not reply, but replacing his pistol in the holster, said: “Throw out some posts in front, but keep them concealed by the bushes. We are well here; no one knows of us; and we can see as far as Magdeburg. Feed your horses, if they need it; we will await the Colonel and the regiment here.”

The Lieutenant gave the necessary orders, and placed his posts; the reiters dismounted, and while half remained bridled, the others fed their horses, and laid themselves down on the snow.

“Lucky that I found thee in the lawyer’s

cellar, dear old bottle!" begun one of the reiters, pulling out a flask, "or here we must have stopped freezing upon this white pall, without a drop to comfort our hearts."

"If the Colonel with the regiment would only make haste, that we might get on to quarters," said another. "This is no good place, and the north wind whistles a deal too cold."

"Poor devil!" said a third; "art from Asschaffenburg, art not? The wind don't pipe so rough there as here. You should just be in my fatherland, on the North Sea; there the wind does bluster cold and wet over the ocean! Ah! 'tis quite another thing in East Friesland from this!"

During this chat, the flask was industriously circulated, and each opened his haversack, which was, as usual, tied on the right side of his horse, and brought out the provisions which his late host had given him—either willingly, because he was going to be rid of him, or grudgingly, as being the last he had left for himself and family. Liquor was not quite so plenty: the single bottle of the lawyer was soon exhausted, and good Luneburg beer, which they brought

with them in leathern bottles, served to quench their thirst.

“It has been but a short expedition,” begun the East Frieslander. “The Lauenburgers scattered like chaff before the wind. They should have waited till the King of Sweden was nigher, before they armed. And then their Duke! why if Pappenheim had been in that swampy nest of theirs, Ratzebourg, and the Duke outside, not a mouse would have crept in, and he truly would not have let himself be taken prisoner.”

“Comrades!” said here the Asschaffenburg, wrapping himself in his cloak, “you may talk, but let the devil hold his own with Pappenheim; no one can hurt him; he is fast.”

“Fast!” laughed the first, taking a last pull at his bottle. “Fast,* is he? Look how his face is scarred; he bears a wound from every fight. That’s fate, you fools!”

“Be off with your fate, which you brought

* *Fast, fest*—proof against shot and steel by means of a charm, a superstition of the time.

from Geneva," broke in an old reiter, who had as yet sat still, gnawing at his mutton-bone. "Dost not believe there be powers, and herbs, and charms, and I know not what, that make men fast against the stroke of death? You fools! if you had strayed as widely through the world as I have, you'd speak otherwise. Hark to me! I'll tell you what an old hunter in the Harz confided to me. He was truly a wild and ghostly being; and I am in the mind to this day that he sprung directly from the wild huntsman."

The reiterers drew closer together, and several more pressed into the circle to listen to the old man, who had oft-times before whiled away the long stormy nights over the watch-fires with his humorous tales.

"It was at the time," began he, after he had emptied his beer-bottle, and all stood still and attentive around him, "when we were going to besiege Wolfenbüttel. I was at that time in Blaukart's cuirassiers. We were marching out of Ellrich, where we had long lain, over the Harz. You, comrades, know well what a godless land for soldiers that is. Forest, nought

but forest; miserable villages, inhabited only by poor miners; scanty provisions, and no booty! I was one day, with two others, riding apart from the column, over a paved road, deeper into the forest. We hoped to chance upon a village, or somewhat to fill our purses and knapsacks. Well, we rode and rode. A couple of smoking charcoal-kilns, a few wretched huts, with a lot of children, and rough-looking kerls, with mighty cudgels, were all that we found. We felt little inclination to pocket anything, much less demand anything, from these uncouth beings, who had nought to give. At last we asked for a drink of water, and they kindly gave us goat's milk and bread and cheese; and on our questioning, pointed out to us a road where we should find a good house and abundance of everything; but they would not accompany us thereto, although the sun was just setting. They said we could not miss it. Thus there was nothing for it but to go on. It was a good-looking, broad road upon which we were riding, bordered upon either side with old oaks, which made it still darker, and we had scarcely gone a league ere it became dark as

pitch. 'Courage! and after me!' cried I to my comrades, who were beginning to be uneasy behind me; 'have we ridden so many dark nights through, over bad roads, and what should hinder us going along while the road is paved and our horses fresh!' So we pushed on. Our horses ran several times against the trees, but we got on tolerably well, until at length we fancied we had come to an open place; it appeared lighter around us, and the old oaks no longer stretched their giant arms across the darkness. I pulled up, and looked around, and perceived a light on one side, and keeping it steadily in view, we rode directly upon it."

"Just like the steersman when he spies the light-tower of Esens, in a gale," interrupted the East Frieslander.

"Interrupt me not, water-rat," growled the old reiter, clutching at his neighbour's bottle to moisten his dry throat. "Now hark ye, comrades! and mark me well, for there's something wonderful going to happen. We drew nearer to the light," continued he, "and already fancied, spite of the gloom of the night, that we saw some dark object before us; when all at

once, as if hell had opened her jaws, we were saluted by a terrific barking of dogs. I halted, my comrades did the like, and we held a council of war.

“ ‘Dogs are soldiers’ friends, and three of Blaukart’s don’t fear the devil, much less dogs,’ said I.

“ ‘And where dogs are, Conrad,’ remarked one of my comrades, ‘there are men too.’

“ ‘Just what we’re looking for, fool!’ said I; and urging my horse forward, we rode through an open gateway into a courtyard, where no less than ten dogs flew at my horse, yelling like mad. This was almost too much of a greeting for my taste; and I pulled up, and looked around, and spied out a fire through the darkness, rode closer to it in spite of the dogs, looked through an open door, and—what did I see there?”—he looked curiously around the circle; no one answered—not a sound broke the silence—“I saw sitting in the chimney-corner, quite unmoved, an old huntsman, neither troubling himself about us nor his hounds, which were at us like mad things all the while. At first I fancied he was asleep, he looked so

stiff and motionless ; but I noticed him stir the fire : and now, as the bright flames crackled and rose, and the sparks flew up the chimney, he seemed to watch them with a scornful smile. For a short space I looked quietly at the old man ; but the yelling of the hounds soon began to weary me, and I fancied he must be deaf. So to ascertain this, and at the same time to discover who might be in the house, I drew a pistol and fired it in the air. At the report the hounds dispersed on all sides, the old huntsman looked towards the door, rose up slowly from his seat, and, as if nothing had happened, laid hold of a pine-torch that stuck upon the wall, strode towards us, and held the light to my face.

“ ‘ Back, ye bullies ! ’ cried he to the dogs ; ‘ get down ! ’ and then turning to me, he asked, without removing his green cap, with the heathcock feather in it, from his head, ‘ What seek ye here ? ’

“ ‘ Where Blaukart’s cuirassiers alight,’ answered I, with soldierly firmness, ‘ the host receives his guests more courteously ! ’”

“ ‘ Those who are bidden, yes ! ’ rejoined he,

indifferently; whistled, and at the signal we were again surrounded by a whole army of dogs. 'Apparently you have gone astray in the forest,' continued he in the same tone; 'otherwise I know not what you could find here to covet. The rascally charcoal-burners have no doubt sent ye to me.'

" 'They have so,' said I.

" 'Now then, dismount and be my guests till morning,' he took off his cap; 'dismount and welcome.' After this welcome I hesitated a little, as an experienced soldier, to dismount. He then whistled again, but in a different note. A door opened, and a long, thin woman, like a walking skeleton, with a lantern in her hand, entered.

" 'Trude,' cried the yäger to her, 'shew the gentlemen the stable, that they may put up their horses, and meanwhile put the black horse there inside.'

" I still delayed to dismount.

" 'Now then, you Blaukarts cuirassiers, does it please you, or—' his scornful smile, and the idea that the old man might fancy I was afraid of him, made me dismount quickly; my comrades did likewise, and as I was about to

follow the grumbling Trude, the yäger called out to us :

“ ‘ Keep close behind the old one, and not to her right hand, when you enter the stable ; and don’t be curious, nor open the left-hand door.’ ”

“ We followed the old woman closely, and she brought us into a roomy stable where there was accommodation enough for our horses.

“ ‘ Stay an instant,’ said she—went to the forbidden door on the left, entered, and left us in darkness—we listened, and fancied we heard a rattle of chains ; the old woman soon returned, and without troubling herself further about us, took the noble black steed which was tied up in the stable, led him through the same door, and when she returned, gave me the lantern, and said :

“ ‘ There is hay in the rack, oats in that box ; in the stable, however, where my master’s horse stands, your destruction.’ ”

“ I’d have tied up the old witch with my halter, and thrashed her well for her threats,” broke in the East Frieslander.

“ Thou talkest bravely here, Sea-hero,” re-

torted the old reiter, indignantly, "you all know me, that I don't shy my man ; but before an old woman, long and thin as a tent pole, copper-coloured and full of wrinkles as my old leathern bottle, and with matted hair like our Colonel's water-dog, and cats' eyes glistening by night, like kindled lime-wood—why, then, I'm silent, cross myself, and continually look to see her with a broomstick between her legs, taking a fly up the chimney. As we were tying up the horses," continued he, "unbuckling our valises, and loosening the girths so that we could remove the saddles, (those cherished treasures of all honest reiters) and take them with us, and laying our pistols carefully upon the provender-chest, one of my comrades was bothered with curiosity to know what could be hidden behind the door.

" ' I believe when all's done,' said he, ' that the old woman and her master have tried to frighten us about the stable, on account of his horse, for where a horse can rest in peace, the devil does no harm to a reiter ; let's look in, Conrad.' He took the light ; I warned him, but the prying fellow, a bath-keeper's son from

Strasburg, wouldn't be withheld, and strode towards the door. We both followed him at a short distance, and as he opened it—here the old man looked around the circle, well satisfied to see them all so attentive and expectant—and as he opened it,” continued he, “a gigantic bear roared at him, and a wolf shewed him his long teeth right before him, and in a fit of terror he slammed to the door again. ‘Thank God!’ said I, laughing, ‘that the old woman had chained up the beasts, and now be calm and don't betray our prying;’ nevertheless I did not myself feel over well pleased at the neighbourhood, when I thought of my good Mecklenburg horse. Ere we had arranged everything and fed our horses, the old woman came back, and half muttering to herself, said :

“ ‘ My master thought you might not be able to find the way yourselves, and therefore I am to conduct you to the house. Come !’

“ We followed her loaded with our equipments, and bore them into a little room which she showed us, and which I examined as quickly as possible. Iron bars secured the only window, and the door was strong and had a good lock

and bolt ; so that we were enabled to put up our goods and follow the old woman to the hall ; we, however, retained our swords at our sides and laid aside neither cuirass nor helmet. Thus we now entered a high arched chamber, in the middle of which stood the old huntsman by a table plentifully covered, and bad us welcome. He gave his hand to each of us, while he observed :

“ ‘ What, in armour still ? Since when, I prithee, tell me are three *Reiters* afraid of one old huntsman and an old woman ? Do I fear you ? Lay by your arms, and trust to my honest face ; the devil might trust him for us—eat and drink of what the old witch has served up ; take your rest until morning, but when the cock crows, begone ; till then, and only until then, are ye my honoured, welcome guests.’ ”

“ Whilst the old man spoke, I had time to observe him more narrowly by the bright flaming lamp ; his figure was long and lean, his hair silver white, and hanging down in long, but thin locks over his shoulders ; the crown of his head was bald, his eyes glowed like coals, and were deep set, as if they were glistening out of two

caverns, and were shaded by thick shaggy grown eyebrows; the nose itself had nothing marked, it was long and narrow, but was quite distorted by a cut which extended from the left eye right across the face; but the mouth! t'was as if ten thousand devils had quartered themselves therein, and grinned at us in every smile. A more dreadful mouth—such whiskers; a more pointed chin—I never saw; and *summa*, the whole countenance, when not that of the devil himself, certainly more resembled one of his imps than an honest old huntsman.

“A peculiar creeping came over me as I stood facing that old man, and I fancied him one against whom sword or pistol would avail nought;—a faithful crossing of oneself, or a pious prayer, much; however, I disarmed, laid aside cuirass and helmet on a table, kept, however, my sword by my side, and sat down by the old man, whilst my comrades placed themselves opposite to him. The old servant placed before us game richly dressed for our supper, and good and strengthening bread. Everything on the table, such as plates, jugs and dishes, were of the brightest tin—throughout, all betokened

prosperity, which, moreover, as usual, when quartered upon, would willingly conceal itself under a poor outside. The old man now grasped the tin drinking-jug, but on lifting the lid, he whistled as before on his fingers. The old woman appeared.

“ ‘ Wherefore beer, Trude ? ’ said he, angrily. ‘ Dost think I hold my guests so cheap, as not to set my best before them ? *Einbecker !* ’

“ She went out and brought other jugs and wine, and we caroused heartily, and in an hour the liquor made us better acquainted than we should have perhaps become otherwise in a week. Even our host seemed to grow more kindly.

“ ‘ Tell me now, gentlemen,’ asked he, at length, ‘ why you, three armed men, to one unarmed, behaved so very cautiously before the door of my house ? ’

“ ‘ Caution is ever good,’ I returned, ‘ who should tell us if you were alone ? It were not the first time that an honest soldier has been found murdered in his host’s bed ; besides, your singular manners, the boldness with which you met us.’

“ The yäger smiled, and there again was the grin of ten infernal spirits.

“ ‘ Did you suppose I should have feared you ?’ asked he.

“ ‘ No !’ answered I, to whom this talk began to be unpleasant.

“ ‘ Know,’ he added, ‘ had I loosed the hounds and the wild-beasts, (tame with me as kittens,) they would have torn you to pieces, had I only said :—‘ seize them !’

“ This boasting vexed me ; ‘ And if now we had ill designs,’ said I, with a threatening gesture, ‘ and if my sword cleft your skull, what would the beasts profit you ?’

“ ‘ I am fast,’ answered he, solemnly, and his countenance grew dark.

“ ‘ What mean ye by that ?’ asked I, in ignorance, although already a dark foreboding arose within me.

“ ‘ That my veins open not to your weapon’s point—that you cannot cause my hour-glass to run down. I stand under a higher power,’ replied he, with an awful earnestness, as he arose up slowly from his seat.

“ A cold shudder came over me at these

words. I pushed my chair further off from him; he whistled—a terrific explosion shook the house.”

At this moment, when the soldier, still under the influence of the recollection of this terrific occurrence, shrunk scared at his own words—a trumpet sound echoed cheerily over the hill—the cry was heard, “the Colonel with the regiment!” Every one sprang up and hurried to their horses—the old Conrad growling as he laid his bridle over his horse’s neck, at having been interrupted at the most important point of his narrative. The reiters had rapidly put all things in order again, and mounted and drawn up in array, awaited the arrival of their chiefs. It was the Duke of Holstein and Colonel Holk, who now rode up the hill. A pair of vigorous warriors, both in their best and most powerful years. The Duke was not above the middle size, and of a fine, manly appearance, yet there was something hidden and dubious in the expression of his countenance. Holk’s eye, on the contrary, flashed fiery and open; his words were rough, but they came from his heart; his little insignificant figure,

and the dark brown hair falling down smoothly on both sides, together with the dark, bushy whiskers and beard, gave him in truth a warlike, but not a handsome appearance. Ever with the advance, at the head of the Croats and his own light cavalry, he was the darling of the soldiery, and in high esteem with Pappenheim; not so much so with Tilly, in whose opinion Holk was too rash, and his regiment too unbridled—both faults in his eyes; but Pappenheim's virtues.

The two colonels were followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Saradetzki, with the Croats and the rest of Holk's cavalry, and at a short interval the Duke of Holstein's infantry regiment, Don Balthasar's cuirassiers, and four half-royals.*

"Now then," cried the Duke to Hauptmann La Croix. "No further advanced yet, not yet at Olvenstädt, to prepare quarters for the Field-Marshal and the General Wachtmeister?"

"I was unwilling to show myself to the Magdeburgers, until your arrival, noble Sir," answered La Croix. "I was sent on to procure quarters, not to engage in a skirmish."

* A piece of ordnance so-called.

“Well said, Hauptmann,” interrupted Holk, smiling sneeringly, “much and praiseworthy caution: in that case, then, the Field-Marshal might have left you with us; the twenty Croats, whom I sent in advance, could have been concealed in this wood as well as you. Well, get on to Olvenstädt in peace, the Magdeburgers shall not molest you; look out for beds, and meat, and drink, and send me back my reiters to Niederdodeleben early in the morning.”

“And ere you busy yourself about the Field-Marshal’s quarters,” directed the Duke, “send over to Scalpke; for this very night Colonel Benninghausen, with three hundred horse, and six hundred of Pappenheim’s regiment, will march in there. See they want for nought, you know the Pappenheimers require a good deal: you’ll have time for Olvenstädt, the Count will not break up till early morning.”

“Farewell, my boys, till to-morrow,” cried Holk to the detachment of his reiters which followed La Croix, and then turning to the Duke, “God knows,” said he, looking after La Croix, “I know that Netherlander well—he is of a secret, mischievous nature, knows

how to turn his cloak to every wind: he is in Pappenheim's confidence, and I wonder thereat, for he loves only the brave; and unless I am much mistaken, this La Croix has more courage for evil deeds, than for storming forts. I like him not."

"I care not for him; yet have I ever held him as a man of honour," answered the Duke, looking down into the plain before Magdeburg; whilst Holk sent Saradetzki down with the Croats to gain intelligence of the enemy; he himself remained with the Duke and the reiters on the hill, to wait for their cannon and infantry. Scarcely had the Croats cleared the wood, ere they spread themselves right and left in small troops over the plain, their leader retaining a squadron by him. The villages seemed to be their points of attraction, so quickly did they hasten wherever a tower point, or a roof, showed itself behind the rising ground.

"A villanous pack, noble Sir!" cried Holk, indignantly, "a scourge to the countryman—a burden to the army. See how they course along, as if the goddess of victory was before them, and they would run a race to pluck her

offered laurels ! They're hunting for plunder, that's their 'Victoria !' Trust me, noble Sir, those rascals know not how to meet death like honest soldiers—he always takes them in the rear, as they are running away, they never show him their front faces. Now, if the valiant Swede, Falkenburg, with only a hundred troopers, were to sally out of Magdeburg, I should have to go down with my people to protect the fugitives, though they are four squadrons strong : they are of no earthly use, except to let an honest soldier take his rest in peace, for fear keeps them awake."

Whilst Holk was thus venting his spleen, a troop of about thirty reiters advanced from behind a small rise, and commenced a skirmish with the Croats.

"Look now," said the Duke, "they stand well, seek their advantage well."

"Saradetzki is no doubt on their heels : they fear him like the devil."

And scarce had Holk said this, ere the main body of the Croats broke forth from behind the hill, their numbers becoming visible on all sides, and fell upon the Magdeburgers like a swarm

of bees ; the latter retreated at full speed towards the town, pursued by the Croats, as fast as they could gallop.

“Mount, boys !” called out Holk to his men, “there’ll be something to do here : the Magdeburgers are no fools, they understand their craft. Saradetzki is too hot. Farewell, noble Sir, if I need aid send me Don Balthasar’s cuirassiers,” and he descended the hill, with three squadrons at a trot.

Holk’s sharp-sightedness had not deceived him ; as the Croats advanced farther they were received by the fire of some arquebusiers, who lay concealed behind the hedges and in the ditches, and two falconets opened upon them, while, at the same time, two squadrons of reiters advanced right and left upon the hill. Without waiting their attack the Croats took to their heels, followed but slightly by the enemy, who perceived Holk’s cavalry advancing in support. The Magdeburgers contented themselves with skirmishing, Holk did not venture upon any further attack, and as it begun to grow dusk, and Don Balthasar’s cuirassiers showed themselves in the distance, the Magde-

burgers withdrew into the town, under cover of the darkness. Holk let them go in peace, placed his posts, and went to his quarters at Niederdodeleben; the Duke of Holstein did the same, and returned to Barleben.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was at this period of the Thirty Years' War, in the village of Olvenstädt, a bailiff's house belonging to the Chapter of the Cathedral; it was an ancient building, with a small half-ruined tower. The Bailiff's dwelling was on the ground-floor; on the upper story were several spacious chambers, where, in peaceable times, the deans and canons of Magdeburg were in the habit of holding their carousals. Since the war, these apartments had remained unoccupied; the cup circulated there no longer, and where joy and merriment once reigned, all was now solitary and deserted. The Bailiff Wanfried, who dwelt there, held the stewardship

of the Cathedral property; he was an old warrior, who had in youth knocked about for a long time with the Spaniards, during the wars in the Netherlands, and at last had been taken prisoner by the Dutch. Among them he had become a convert to the reformed doctrines, to which, in his own land he had paid no attention to; with his new faith, and a well-filled purse, he returned to Aschersleben, his birth-place, became acquainted with the then Dean of the Magdeburg Cathedral, and by his means obtained the bailiff's post at Olvenstädt. His wife bore him two daughters, and soon after died. He was, as is common with all soldiers, rough in his outward man, easily excited, and jealous of honour in all things; though his clear head was often in advance of the period, he nevertheless clung to the mysterious spirit of the times and yielded himself up to the influence of astrology and superstition; their dying mother had left her two daughters, Anna, and her darling Hedwig, to his paternal tenderness; he felt all the difficulty of bringing up daughters himself, but yet put off from day to day, and year to year, giving them a second mother, and at last

fancied himself" capable of undertaking their training himself. Later in life, he took to reside with him a sister, with whom he had at an earlier period been at variance, and he had thus devoted every moment of his life, which he could spare from his calling, to the formation of his girls, especially Anna, whose lively spirit attracted him far more than the retiring nature of the younger Hedwig. The contradiction in his own character, in which the energy and fiery spirit of the soldier was mixed with the weakness of superstition, appeared, notwithstanding their different characters, to be shared by both the girls—what more properly belonged to the soldier of those stormy times, was Anna's share.

Faith, a calm and pious spirit, and a pure and holy view of things, was Hedwig's, who, much left to herself by her father, and still more put in the background by her aunt, seemed to have finished the formation of her character herself. The Amtmann,* who was quite aware of Pappenheim's return from his expedition against Lauenburg, and who every hour looked for

* Bailiff.

unbidden guests, sat on the evening of this day as usual, in his old arm-chair, close to the great stove, which spread its comforting warmth around in the cold December evening, with his old chronicle book open before him. He was in complete military attire, with a long Spanish rapier by his side. The eldest daughter Anna, sat opposite to him, working at a net. Hedwig, the younger, had a spindle in her hand, whilst aunt Cunegunda went to and fro, now arranging something outside, and frequently interrupting the oft begun discourse with some domestic question.

“Children,” said the old man, and shut his folio, “when the soldiery return, our troubles will begin afresh; look after the house with diligence, and have a care of the saucy boys, out of whose way I would gladly have kept you; but go where you will, war is everywhere; and you, Hedwig, be friendly, follow your sister’s example, who faces the soldiers fearlessly, wins them by her cordiality, and knows how to hold them in bounds when necessary by her firm, spirited bearing. If, as I have been informed, the Field-Marshal should himself take up his

quarters here with me, then in truth, God's pity upon kitchen and cellar ; but we shall at least be secure from personal affront. Be obliging to lord and servant. He is in truth a stern, severe soldier, clinging with Jesuitical fervour to the old faith, but having a kindly disposition, and while he lets others rob and plunder, keeps his own hands and conscience clear ; for this reason it may be well if he comes here :—better give up something than lose all."

" I wish it may be so," said Anna. " What I have heard of Pappenheim excites my admiration. 'Tis said the genuine spirit of the soldier fires him : what no one will undertake, he ventures on with joy, and where Tilly considers, he acts. I have often already pictured him to myself, and I would wager my portrait is like."

" Now then," said her father, " let us hear it :—paint away."

" Well, then ; tall, broad-shouldered, powerful and dignified, the eye glowing, the nose curved, the mouth stern. That is my idea of him—for the rest—with kingly bearing, and handsome as the god of war."

“Do you forget the scars which disfigure his face,” said Hedwig, with a smile.

“Disfigure! Poor child,” returned Anna, “how can scars won in fight disfigure the face of a hero? Can they extinguish the impress of energy, the fire-glance of the eyes? they heighten the sternness and dignity of the man, and I would welome them on the countenance of a lover.”

“Bah! Folly!” interrupted the father, “dreams of an overstrained imagination, Anna.”

“And if I do love in man only the stern and energetic,” rejoined she, “beauty takes diverse shapes in different eyes, and so Hedwig and I shall never be rivals.”

“Hast thou forgotten the old gipsy wife’s prediction?” interrupted her aunt.

“Man’s fate lives in his breast, not in his hand, and a covetous old wife may reckon in her hand the silver that I give her, but cannot read my destiny in mine.”

“And yet have so many things come true, that I have had declared to me, from my hand and from the stars,” suggested the Amtmann.

“From the stars?” repeated Anna, in a low

tone. "Oh! if the destiny of man stood there above, and if the book with its million of golden characters lay open there, and the human mind could interpret the language of Heaven! that were indeed, a beautiful and heart-ennobling faith, and fain would I make it my own, if my incredulous heart would only open to receive it."

"And," continued her father, "do you yet remember the words of the gipsy wife? 'Tis now six years ago."

"Don't remind me of the hideous thing. The light glances from above, not from such a muddy source," answered Anna. "But lest you should fear I had forgotten her prediction, father, I'll repeat it to you, and let my sister's more modest pride rejoice over the prophetic words. They were these: 'You will set your happiness on attaining that which she contemns, and obtain it to your own destruction.'"

"How could that flatter my pride?" interposed Hedwig. "I regard not such things, but trust in God alone; and even could I believe in them, thy ruin, dearest Anna, would afflict, not make me happy." She gave her

hand to her sister, who did sometimes understand Hedwig's heart, and now gave back the pressure kindly.

Just then horsemen were heard to cross the court. The father hastened out, and returned with La Croix, who bowed ceremoniously to her and Hedwig, and let his piercing glance rest on Anna.

"If I mistake not," he began, addressing her, "I must have already seen you this afternoon, following a deer. Faith, you are a skilful rider, and seemed to love the chase! Now in that case, the soldier's work will not offend your taste, and we may expect at least from you a friendly welcome."

Anna stammered out a few words, but did not feel collected enough to continue the discourse.

"So the Field-Marshal will honour my house," said the Amtmann, turning to La Croix, "and take up with the frugal hospitality of a despoiled church-good?"

"Yes, Amtmann; and I am come to make the necessary preparations. The Field-Marshal, two officers, two clerks, fifteen servants, several

grooms, and fifty-four horses will require accommodation."

"It shall be done to the best of my power. I have no anxiety about lodging but the horses," said Wanfried.

"Good-will makes all things easy," broke in the Hauptmann; and turning towards Anna, said courteously: "As you apparently discharge the functions of housekeeper, I would beg of you to show me the apartments allotted to Count Pappenheim."

"Hedwig," interposed the old man, "call your aunt."

Hedwig went out.

"I scarcely think," begun La Croix, giving his words an unpleasant tone, "that the chambers will please me so well if shown by your aunt, as if you, beauteous maiden, gave me entrance to them; and so I beg—"

At this moment Cunegunda entered.

"Show the gentleman the apartments," said the Amtmann, as she came in, and making as if he had not heard La Croix; the Dean's rooms, for his Grace the Field-Marshal, the others for his attendants."

“Since when, Amtmann,” broke in La Croix, violently, “is it breeding to pay such scant regard to the wish of the Emperor’s officers? Have you not learnt this yet?”

“No, Hauptmann,” answered the old man sturdily, for his soldier’s pride was up. “In the days when I fought under Spanish colours in the Netherlands—you might have been scarcely a boy then—I learned to honour the delicacy of young maidens, and to treat an old soldier with respect.”

“And therefore,” said Anna, quickly, “I would myself also beg of you;” and her look spoke more of sternness than of mildness.

La Croix bowed courteously to her, and followed the old dame, without answering the father’s sturdy speech.

“Calm yourself, dear father,” said Hedwig, soothingly. “Expose yourself to no ill usage. Gladly will I care for everything, and mix freely with the soldiery; though I lack my sister’s courage, yet have I firm confidence and steadfast faith in God, and He will protect me.”

“My own self-reliance is my protection,”

said Anna, proudly, interrupting her sister's words.

Hedwig calmly resumed her spindle, and sat down upon her seat in silence.

Hauptmann La Croix and the old lady now returned.

"Well," asked the Amtmann, "are you content with what you find?"

Anna resumed her work.

"Perfectly," answered the Hauptmann, in a more courteous tone than before, "and the Field-Marshal will be so also; only see that nought is wanting in kitchen and cellar. You have only to provide that; the Chapter furnishes us with everything; it comes out of the common purse, and not out of yours."

The Amtmann expressed his thanks for this comfort, and La Croix approached Hedwig.

"In good old German fashion," said he, addressing her, "you turn the spindle with a graceful hand, and the flax upon your distaff is flowing as your luxuriant hair. You also are a daughter of the house?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Hedwig.

"You seem to be more shy of the soldiers

than your sister, the spirited huntress," pursued he.

"I am shy of no one, and have confidence in the soldier," answered she, still not looking up, "that like every honourable man, he will respect a female."

"I am not a little anxious," continued La Croix, "to see the eyes, when the mouth speaks so seriously and gently."

"Wherefore not," said she, and looked up at him calmly and without embarrassment.

"I thank you for your goodness," returned La Croix, struck by her pious, saint-like expression, and then turned quickly towards Anna, who glanced over at him, "to what end," said he, "do you make the net?"

"For a snare," answered she.

"And what do you hope to entangle therein?"

She looked up and smiled, and without answering the question continued her work. The look which he had encountered was totally different from that of Hedwig—it held him fast, seemed to confine him in a magic circle, from which there was no escape: it was perilous as

the net in her hand, and he would assuredly have sought to draw it forth again had not her father entered.

“Hauptmann,” said he, “we shall now—for who knows how long!—be inmates of the same house, therefore, excuse me if I ask your name. You are no German, by your speech.”

“You are not wrong; I am a Netherlander, and my name is La Croix.”

“And your birthplace?”

“Valenciennes.”

“I served there a long time with the Walloons,” said Wanfried; “dwelt on the market-place.”

“If you would be so kind,” interrupted La Croix, “as to let me have somewhat for supper: I am weary, and want rest.”

Wanfried smiled and signed to Hedwig, who left the room. The Hauptmann now conversed at first on indifferent topics; by degrees, however, he began to make inquiries of his host regarding Magdeburg, and ever tried to draw Anna into the conversation, who, however, quickly dropped every subject.

Meantime, supper was removed, and La

Croix again turned the discourse upon Magdeburg, on which subject, as he got little information from Wanfried, he soon retired to his apartment, having conquered no heart save that of the virgin Cunegunda.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY on the following morning, the sleep of the inhabitants of the Amt-house was broken by the sound of trumpets. Holk's dragoons were marching out to rejoin their regiment, and scarcely had the wintry sun cast its first beams over the snow-covered fields, ere the skirmishing began. Falkenburg, the Swedish Commandant of Magdeburg, had marched out to ascertain the force of the enemy, whilst Holk went to engage the Magdeburgers with his own cavalry, and the other parties held themselves in readiness to support. Pappenheim's baggage arrived in the court of the Amt-house; waggons and carriages, servants and followers, cook and cel-

larman, and such a retinue as only the small courts of the day could carry with them. Even a jester was to be found among them; Spanish and Friesland horses, with sumptuous cloths and trappings; merry wenches for cooking and service,—all flocked in a party-coloured tide to the Amt-house, and aunt Cunegunda crossed herself as she beheld the crowd and the tumult. The sisters from their solitary chamber, which they had also to vacate, in order to make up their bed next their father's sleeping-room, gazed upon the bustle with very different sensations. Hedwig sighed, all that met her eye was adverse to her calm and quiet temperament.

Anna, on the contrary, regarded the excitement with pleasure.

“Truly,” said she, “a General is like a Prince; where he comes in peace he brings life, and where he approaches in hostile guise, death follows in his train; look at the multitude of servants and horses—all is for him alone, and all are obedient to his nod.”

The dull rattle of drums was now heard, and they hastened down from the window to join their father below. He was now regarding with

anxious looks, the number of impetuous guests who, without caring for the owner, seemed to look upon house and accommodation as their own: then, again, he would almost feel a pleasure in the warlike bustle, which recalled the days of his youthful life. Aunt Cunegunda alone, who had also to vacate her chamber, murmured, and was sinking for spite, that not one of these coarse rough men, when they passed, either saluted her or even seemed to notice her presence in the least. Hauptmann La Croix, who was arranging everything, had, to her comfort, made her a bow, and had turned a mob of baggage varlets out of the court, and in some sort, restored order amid the confusion; and it was more than needful, for scarce were the horses stabled, the waggons and coaches placed in the sheds, the baggage in the apartments; scarcely had the cook kindled a large, blazing fire, and arranged the provisions which they had brought with them for dinner, whereto Cunegunda had also to contribute freely from her stores, when the trumpets again sounded, and a new spectacle presented itself to the inhabitants of the Amt-house. The regiment of

cuirassiers of Don Balthasar, the Governor of Bohemia ; two squadrons, strong and fully armed and equipped, marched into the spacious courtyard and drew up in line,—old service-like warriors, who had fought valiantly in many a fight ; Bohemians, powerful, tall, of warlike appearance, and never welcome guests ; the large, heavy horses which pawed and chafed under their armed riders ; the wild, stern look of the bearded faces, the full knapsacks, and the multitude of baggage-waggons which followed them laden with the Lauenburg booty, gave them a still more unfriendly appearance.

“ Just look,” cried Anna, to her sister, who, sobbing violently, had withdrawn from the window ; “ only look what powerful men ; do they not look as if death hovered in their front—as if the spirited horses would cleave the earth with their strong hoofs, and make her yield her treasures to the bold reiters’ will. See how they draw up at the command of their officer. What dead silence suddenly falls upon the wild band, how fixedly they look toward the opened gates ; hark ! how the trumpets begin again to sound.”

“ The Field-Marshal comes ! ” cried their

father, and hastened out to receive him with due respect. Anna's glance, meanwhile, remained fixed upon the gate; the moment was approaching in which the fancied picture of her dreams should stand in life before her.

Now came Field-Marshal Pappenheim, mounted upon a Spanish chesnut barb; by his side rode General Wachtmeister Van der Neers; behind him several other officers. He was engaged in earnest discourse with Van der Neers, and appeared to take no notice of aught around, except that when he had nearly passed Don Balthasar's cuirassiers, he stopped, turned his horse towards them, nodded several times kindly to the soldiers, signed to the officer commanding with his hand, and continued his conversation with Van der Neers, whilst the cuirassiers marched off.

Meanwhile Anna had remained at the window. The Amtmann, in his holiday costume, stood still, baretté in hand, awaiting his guest at the door, when suddenly Pappenheim's eye distinguished Anna; he greeted her kindly. She acknowledged it, blushing deeply, and left the window, half-pleased, half-ashamed.

The discourse with Van der Neers now

seemed to be ended, for Pappenheim extended his hand to him, and he, making a respectful salutation, turned his horse and left the courtyard. Pappenheim dismounted, and approached the house ; here he was received by the Amtmann, who commended himself and family to his favour in a set speech.

“ You are Lutherans,” said Pappenheim, abruptly.

“ Yes, Sir,” replied the Amtmann, restored to self-possession by this question regarding his faith.

“ Well, well, that may be all arranged,” said the Field-Marshal ; and followed by his officers and La Croix, entered the house.

The father assembled his family around him after this not very encouraging reception, and acquainted them with Pappenheim’s words : “ We have therefore the worst to look for,” concluded he. “ But should our courage sink, let us put our trust in God ; He will not forsake us.”

Hedwig drew closer to her father at these words. Anna seemed lost in thought. Aunt Cunegunda’s lips were twisted into a piteous smile.

“And now,” said the old man suddenly, after a long silence, “should the worst we dread await us, deny not your faith; and give me here your hands in pledge that you will truly stand by it.” Anna and Hedwig gave him their hands, but Cunegunda hesitated. “From thee,” said he, “I need no assurance—no oath; thou wast ever weak of faith.”

Meantime Pappenheim had entered his chamber, and expressed his approbation of La Croix’s arrangements. “They are Lutherans here,” said he. “Well, my infantry may make themselves at home with them, and Don Balthasar’s Bohemians hold their revels there; these Hussites are ever the maddest. I saw a female at the window below there, La Croix, at whose glance I almost fancied myself again in Milan—so fiery her eye, so raven black her hair. Is she the Amtmann’s daughter?”

“Yes, noble Sir,” answered La Croix. “She has another sister still younger and handsomer than herself.”

“Ha, indeed!” said Pappenheim, and seemed to dismiss the subject from his thoughts. “Have you accounts from Magdeburg?”

“As yet none.”

“Now I shall soon learn exactly how things are, from Holk.”

“He is already engaged with them,” said La Croix.

“And dost now first tell me that?” cried the General. “Bring out the horses—the Dane for myself! and get me a drink.”

A servant brought a cup of wine on a salver; another, cold refreshment.

Pappenheim ate in haste, and as he emptied the beaker said with a smile: “These Lutherans have a taste in wine; the draught was good.” He cast off the marten-skin cloak in which he had been wrapped, had his cuirass buckled, put on his helmet, threw himself upon the Dane, and galloped out of the court, followed by his officers. Don Balthazar’s men remained quiet in quarters.

Anna followed him with her eye. Even as he spoke with Van der Neers, her glance had singled him out, and notwithstanding the scars upon his face, she deemed him a stately and a comely man, tall and slender, but of powerful build, with a speaking eye, and an attractive expression about the mouth, in the bloom of

manhood ; perhaps more ornamented by her fancy, she believed she had realized the picture she had painted to herself. How poor seemed La Croix by his side, and yet nature had not been churlish of her gifts to him ; there must, however, have been something in his bearing repulsive to Anna, for she never seemed at ease when he was near her.

CHAPTER IV.

As the sisters sat alone in the parlour after dinner, their father having gone out to see the skirmishing, Anna could no longer repress her thoughts and feelings: "Didst thou mark him—the man before whom all Lower Saxony trembles—he who is the battle arm of the fearful Tilly—the victor in so many fields—who has won so many laurels; didst thou not see the grace, the lightness, with which, armed with sword and cuirass, he threw himself upon his plunging horse? But, Hedwig, you seem not to hear me," said she angrily to her sister, who, as if awaking from a dream, answered:

“I saw him as he mounted his chesnut horse.”

“Then you saw wrong,” said Anna, abruptly ; “it was a black, with a white star. You marked him not ; you were right ; the bride of an honest Magdeburg citizen ought not in truth to look at an imperial officer.”

“Sister !” begged Hedwig, blushing.

“Well now, I’ll be silent,” said Anna, good-naturedly. “No enthusiastic love led you to him, but your father’s will and the foolish wish of a dying mother. I would long since have got rid of him. Nothing but a most abundant love can fetter me. This man, with his lamb-like nature, with his submissiveness, who worships you as if you were a saint, and scarcely ventures to look at you—I could never respect, far less love him.”

“He is so good, so honest,” interrupted Hedwig.

“Dost thou love him ?” pursued Anna ; “love him with all thy heart ?” and she caught her hands and looked steadily in her face.

Hedwig was silent.

“Then you are a little fool for sacrificing yourself !”

“I do my duty. His heart would break if—”

“Let it break, then,” said Anna; “small loss! better his than thine.”

Hedwig made no reply to this severe remark, and Anna indignantly left her.

Never had Nature formed two sisters so unlike, both in character and personal appearance. Anna was tall and slender, but voluptuously formed, and seemed to belong to a more southern clime. Her hair and eyes were black; cheeks blooming; skin brown; forehead and nose finely formed, and a mouth made for kisses. To see her urge her horse in pursuit of a flying deer, you might almost have fancied Tasso's Clorinda, divested of her lance and sword, and training her horse to the chase. Hedwig, on the contrary, was only a little shorter than her sister, and slender as she; but the form, the figure, was more maidenly and feminine. Yellow, golden hair rolled over dazzling white shoulders, which were ever carefully veiled; her soft, blue eyes looked like two violets, greeting kindly and modestly the passer-by; a soft, rosy hue alone was shed over the

fairness of her skin, and she might well have sat to a painter as a subject for a saint, so tender, womanly, and holy was the whole expression of this lovely girl ; and her disposition corresponded—gentle, good, pious-minded ; and though feeling that she was passed over for her sister, devoted to her father with the tenderest and most childlike affection ; and though yielding towards all, yet she ever held immutably to whatever she had once convinced herself was right. Anna, on the contrary, although honest and good, was never contented with her lot. Ever striving higher, she was continually urged by an unbridled imagination towards the unattainable ; loving only manlike occupations, housekeeping was irksome to her. She loved her sister, and yet would often pain her, and repay Hedwig's patient love with coldness and scorn. All her actions were full of passionate enthusiasm : if she hated, 'twas to the death. Her spirit always took a lofty flight, and ever, though often vainly, struggled upward. Had she been a man, there was in her the germ of much that was excellent ; but in forming her as woman, Nature had erred.

Hedwig was sitting in the solitary apartment. The novel military bustle stirring around her made her sad. She feared for her father, and thought of her betrothed in the beleaguered town. Pappenheim's words to her father disquieted her ; and besides this, a nameless anxiety had overmastered her. Since Pappenheim's arrival at the Amthouse, a new life seemed to have opened upon her, which, though at present undefined, was anything but tranquillizing, and seemed full of ominous boding. In this mood she was sitting by the window ; the spindle had fallen from her hand, and, like her eyes, rested on her lap, when the tread of horses in the court aroused her. She looked up, and found it was caused by two of Holk's reiters, with a wounded man between them, who seemed with difficulty to sustain himself upon his horse. Hedwig could not plainly distinguish his face. The soldiers lifted him from his horse, and bore him into the house. Moved with compassion, Hedwig went to meet them.

"In here !" cried she ; "bring the wounded man in here !"

They followed her, and with but slight hesi-

tation Hedwig opened the door of her father's apartment, and he was laid down there.

The maiden cast a glance upon him, and recognised him, and hastened to fetch assistance. A surgeon had already been brought by the servants, and several of the Marshal's suite pressed around the wounded man. It was Rittmeister Max von Hohendorf, of Erwitte's regiment, who was attached to the Marshal's person, and was beloved by him as a son. Hedwig had already to-day seen him in his suite, and recognised him instantly. The Rittmeister had received a severe cut on the head; but was not, the surgeon declared, dangerously wounded.

On the return of Wanfried, he was not a little vexed at finding the Rittmeister in his own apartment, instead of in the chamber allotted to him above. However, it was now too late to take him there, as the surgeon held it unsafe, and was also of opinion that he might more conveniently receive the female care and tending which he needed where he was; and after having bandaged his wound, he commended him, as the Marshal's favourite, to the care of

Cunegunda, who showed no great delight at the commission.

“ ’Tis a fitting affair for the tender-hearted maiden,” said the old lady to Hedwig, when the family were alone.

“ And one which I will gladly undertake,” said she, “ if my father permits me.”

“ Trouble thyself with him,” said the latter crossly, “ thou hast put him to bed here, now tend him ; and thy lover,” said Anna with a sneer, “ will no suspicion of thy compassionate heart affect him ?”

“ I do my duty,” replied Hedwig gently, “ and he will not misjudge me.” She opened the door softly, and seated herself by the wounded man’s bed, to commence her office of kindness.

CHAPTER V.

It was already dusk, when Pappenheim returned, and there had been sharp fighting ; for Falkenberg had sallied out with his whole garrison, and with a part of the armed citizens he had kept the open field for a long time, and had often, with his cavalry, drawn the imperialists into positions where his arquebusiers had been advantageously concealed, and many men and horses had been killed by them. But on Pappenheim's advancing, Benninghausen and his regiment, the Magdeburgers, drew back nearer to their fortress, and skirmished under cover of the works. Pappenheim returned out of humour, his present position before Magdeburg was tire-

some, far much too weak for any enterprize against this strong town; he could only invest it on the left bank of the Elbe. Tilly, who was collecting his forces in the province of Hulberstadt, was preparing for an action with the Swedes and had dispatched him with two thousand cavalry and three thousand foot to blockade the town; besides this, Hohendorf's wound annoyed him, for he valued him above all his other officers, and had therefore scarcely disarmed ere he hastened to his apartment, and how was he astonished at seeing at the bedside of his sleeping friend a young maiden whose countenance lighted up by the lamp seemed like the face of a saint, which, surrounded by a glory, was watching over the sick man's slumbers.

Hedwig arose at his entrance, and made signs to him not to come nearer.

"He sleeps," said she, softly.

He looked at the damsel with surprise and pleasure, and withdrew. On his return to the family apartment, he asked the Amtmann, who, together with Anna, met him on his entrance:

"Is the maiden at Hohendorf's bedside your daughter?"

"Yes, noble Sir," replied he, "she is my younger, and this is my eldest," pointing to Anna, who met Pappenheim's gaze without shrinking.

"In truth," said the Field-Marshal, "God has blessed you ; two such daughters are a rare gift of heaven. Let me know when the wounded man awakes," he cast one more penetrating glance at Anna, and withdrew. The latter could not rightly construe this glance, but she felt that it had struck deep.

Before the wounded man awoke, La Croix entered the room and stated that the Field-Marshal had sent him to see after his wounded friend, and to give him immediate notice of his awaking. He sat down by Anna, who, however, did not appear disposed to converse with him, and he therefore turned to her father, and spoke with him of the war in Holland, of the Spanish troops, their good and bad qualities ; and all this to such purpose, that the old man rejoiced once more to find some one with whom he could go back to the past years of his youth. However, this enjoyment did not last long. Hedwig entered and announced that Hohendorf had awakened, and La Croix hastened to the

General, who came below without delay ; here he inquired in an engaging and friendly tone of Hedwig, how the Rittmeister was, and thanked her in courteous terms for the care she had bestowed upon an officer whom he so much prized ; and while he spoke, regarded the maiden so sharply in the face, that she no longer dared to raise her looks to him. She opened the door.

“ Poor Max,” said Pappenheim, to the wounded man, “ how grieved I am for thee—but be not anxious ; thy wound, as the surgeon assures me, is not dangerous ; no vital part is injured. You suffer much ?” and he extended his hand towards him.

“ My wounds no longer give me pain, since your words have poured balsam therein,” answered Hohendorf, pressing Pappenheim’s hand to his heart.

“ Well, well let be,” said the latter ; “ avoid all mental excitement, keep quiet, and follow the doctor’s orders, I will undertake for your tending.”

“ An angel has already undertaken it,” said the wounded man, quietly, “ an angel of goodness and tenderness—”

“ And of beauty also,” added Pappenheim. Hedwig left the room at these words. The General remained some time longer with his friend and then returned to the family apartment, addressed some questions to the Amtmann regarding Magdeburg, but in a stern and haughty tone ; jested with Anna, but in such a guise, that she did not feel the jest pleasing, though she knew not why—and appeared not even to notice the presence of aunt Cunegunda, who had long been keeping a courtesy ready against he should address her. To Hedwig alone, who now entered with the surgeon, he spoke kindly, and without a jest, seriously, yet without the pride and hauteur which seemed natural to him ; and as she broke off the discourse and returned to the sick man’s room, he greeted her courteously and returned to his own apartment.

“ If I know the Field-Marshal,” said La Croix, aside to Anna, “ your sister has made an impression on his soldier’s heart.”

Anna seemed not to hear him.

“ Nature is whimsical,” continued he, without allowing her inattention to disturb him ; “ strange that the strong ever inclines towards the weak,

the stern towards the gentle; to the rough warrior the portrait of a Madonna is oft-times more attractive than that of an Amazon."

"You think so!" said Anna, looking at him with darkening eyes.

"It is not my opinion," answered he; "only it appears commonly to be the case. I, for my part admire not the sickly, languishing beauty: to me, such saints are mere dead and lifeless pictures, unable to awaken in my heart the flame of passion—cold, dead beings, not to be warmed with the fire of earthly love. The fair hair, the dazzling skin, the cold breath of morning's bloom shed o'er them, comes to me as that which is already half faded. I feel with such beings as if the inward warmth to enliven them was wanting."

Anna smiled.

"But where soul and sensibility beam out of the dark eyes; where the mouth—"

"Spare me your pictures, I pray you, Hauptmann," said Anna, quickly. "I am quite satisfied to know what finds no grace in your eyes; your tastes I have no desire to learn."

"It was rather my purpose," rejoined he,

with a sneering smile, "to make you aware of Count Pappenheim's taste, than of my own."

He bowed, and left her.

"The mischievous being," said she; "has he gained an insight to my feelings?—does he wish to intrude into my secrets, and so approach me?—deems he Anna's heart so weak as to need a confidant—and above all, such an one as this La Croix? He is mistaken."

CHAPTER VI.

HOHENDORF's wound now daily healed apace, and the surgeon held out hopes that he might soon leave his couch. Hedwig's nursing had contributed much to this, and the young man gratefully acknowledged her tender solicitude. Pappenheim had visited him daily, and remained with him for hours; and often when, at his entrance, Hedwig would have retired, knew how, by his supplications or jests, to detain her there.

It was the last day that Hohendorf was to keep his couch, and on the morrow he was to take possession of his own apartment, and be

made over to his servant's care. It seemed sad to him to bid farewell to the little chamber where so many sympathizing looks had softened the pains of his wound. Even Hedwig seemed this day more contemplative than usual, and several times he surprized her look resting upon him with sympathy. He felt in duty bound to express his thanks to the maiden who had so faithfully and carefully tended him ; and as she gave him his medicine, he took her hand, and said, in a low tone :

“ How can I ever repay your goodness and care, maiden, heaven only knows ! nor do I feel how I could repay them. I have but warm wishes for your happiness, and, while here, an arm and heart to protect you and yours from ill ; did I offer more, perchance, it were unwelcome.”

Hedwig's hand trembled in his own. She blushed, and stammered a few words, with a view to prevent his farther thanks.

“ Allow me at least, dear Hedwig, to express in words my thanks, and do not tremble, as your hand rests in mine. I well know how to prize the happiness that can be mine, but for a

moment, not for a lifetime. But my mouth will not utter, what my heart may feel."

"Rittmeister Hohendorf," interrupted Hedwig, after a slight inward struggle, "I know how, if you deem them worthy of your thanks, you could reward me for my slight efforts by your sick-bed."

"Speak! oh, speak!" cried the young man, raising himself.

"By forwarding, if an opportunity offers, a little note for me to Magdeburg."

"If I might know the contents, I hope, without a breach of duty, I might do so," answered he.

"That cannot truly be," added she, blushing; "for its contents, must remain a secret to you. But why conceal ought from you, that may throw light on my request? I am betrothed: my bridegroom is a tradesman's son in Magdeburg: the letter is to him."

"Indeed!" returned Hohendorf, after a pause. "You are betrothed—the bridegroom is in Magdeburg. Now, in that case, I must surely not know the contents of the letter. Love's secrets were profaned, if unveiled by a stranger's

hand. I wish you happiness," continued he, kindly, after a slight struggle with himself—"happiness from my heart. I would fain know the man who is worthy to call you his. May affection enrich you with all its blessings, and may your happiness be undisturbed, even by the troubles of war. I wish it, from my inmost heart."

He had spoken this, looking straight before him; but now, for the first time, he ventured to look at Hedwig. As he glanced up, she was wiping tears from her eyes.

"You weep," said he, "weep. Those are not pearls from the bright garland of a happy love, but drops from its cup of pain."

She sprung up, and hastily left the room.

"Is it then ever my lot," cried Hohendorf, looking sadly after the maiden, "to come continually across unhappiness, only there to open my heart, where I am compelled perforce again to close it?"

In these melancholy thoughts he was disturbed by La Croix.

"How is it with you, Hohendorf?" said he, on entering. "I deemed, in truth, that some

misfortune had crossed you, seeing your Sister of Mercy rush weeping from the room. You seem moved too, yourself; or am I a true prophet, and has the wound in your head been cured, only to open one in your heart?"

Hohendorf looked vexed, and was silent.

"Friend," pursued La Croix whom this sort of thing never seemed to effect, "be warned. You are aware that, in certain points, I know our chief pretty well."

"And that you are on those certain points, and on those alone, his confidant," said Hohendorf, with some scorn.

"Well, then, if you do know that," said La Croix, with a triumphant laugh, "understand my warning."

"I understand you—understand you, at least, upon this point, if even upon no other," said Hohendorf; and turning himself on his bed, with his back towards him, he took no further notice of his presence.

"Will you ever live thus at variance with me?" asked La Croix.

"Ever," retorted Hohendorf; "for I am honoured in your hate. And now, I prithee, leave me in peace."

"Thou shalt pay dear for thine honour," muttered La Croix to himself, as he left the room.

Hohendorf's scornful speech had so roused his revengeful feelings, that without even greeting Anna, he passed through the sitting-room, and out into the air at once.

It was a stormy winter's day; the north wind drove the snow curling in thick flakes through the air, and whistled through the cracks of the old half-fallen tower, which stood on the north-western side of the Amthouse. Whilst La Croix, brooding over his dark schemes, paced to and fro through the court, the sentinels noticed with surprise that, while the other officers were sitting over their wine above, he instead of doing the same, traversed the court-yard with folded arms. He had been thus employed for some minutes, when he observed one of Holk's reiters standing near him, who seemed to regard his promenade with surprise. He fancied he had seen the man somewhere before, and soon recognised him as the story-teller of the Beechwood, on the Teufelsberg. A thought struck him.

"How comest thou here?" asked he.

“I am on ordonnance with the Field-Marshal,” was his reply.

“When it gets dark, await me here.”

The reiter bowed.

La Croix now ordered his domestic to bring wine and lights into the uninhabited, half-ruined chamber of the tower; he himself vehemently paced his apartment, and thought over his plans.

“Yes,” exclaimed he, “he must become a victim to my vengeance, happen how it may!”

CHAPTER VII.

As it grew dusk, he found the old dragoon already awaiting him below.

"Follow me," said he; the man obeyed: he led him up the dark, winding stair of the tower into the room, where a light was already burning, and two goblets, with a jug of wine, stood upon the old mouldy table: "Take your place," said La Croix, "here, and alone by our wine, we are comrades."

The soldier sat down upon the old worm-eaten chair, and emptied the cup set before him.

"Thou art surprised, old man," begun La Croix, refilling his cup, "that I have called

thee here. Know I was an attentive listener to thy narrative in the beechwood, and am curious to know the sequel. I have brought thee here to avoid interruption, and have provided the good Wurtzburger, that thy jaws may not grow dry with talking."

The dragoon seemed sunk in his own thoughts.

"Now, then," continued La Croix, "thou dost look at me curiously. Dost thou scruple?"

"Hauptmann," after some thought, the old man began, "how can this tale concern you, which I merely invented to amuse my comrades? Do not, however, believe—"

"No, old fox, thou dost not thus evade me. Drink, and tell thy tale," cried La Croix.

"And if I tell it," replied the Reiter, emptying his cup, "wherein will it profit you? Would you sneer at my foolish belief, or use my talkativeness to your own destruction? for in that case, I too were faulty."

"Continue," cried La Croix, impatiently. "As the explosion took place, the trumpets sounded, and you were interrupted."

“Now, if you will have it out,” said the old man, “may the Evil One not obtain power over you—if he has it not already,” muttered he, aside.

“The old huntsman whistled; a terrific explosion shook the house: was not that where I left off?”

La Croix nodded.

“We drew up, startled; the old witch entered.

“‘Bring beer,’ said the old man calmly, ‘and then see what’s the noise without.’

“He reseated himself quietly, and urged us to do the same. My comrades looked at me inquiringly: I made them a reassuring sign, and they reseated themselves.

“‘I see pretty well,’ said the old jäger, and the devilish smile was there again, ‘I had little need to be fast against cut, shot, and steel with you, gentlemen. An arquebuss shot has so frightened you, that ye hardly know whether to empty a jug of Einbecker with me, or to go out and look about. Has your Colonel Blankart taught you so little steadiness?—He is a valiant old sword, too.’

“Meantime, the old woman returned, placed a full jug on the table, and again went out.

“‘Now,’ cried he, ‘here’s a lucky shot.’

“He nodded to me; I fancied mockery in the words.

“‘Now,’ said he, heartily, ‘you will be able to drain your cups to your host’s luck.’

“I did him reason.

“‘You don’t seem at home with me and mine, ye men of iron,’ said he. ‘You know not what to make of me, an old wolf who lurks here in his den, watching the passers-by; a wag, who would mislead you with his devilry; or a grey old sinner, who has made himself proof against cut and stab, but not against the decrees of Fate; believe only the last, and to strengthen your faith, make a trial. I am at your service. Draw forth your rapiers—here is my breast. I’ll wager my black horse, there, against a florin: if you can draw a drop of blood from me, I have lost; and if you dispatch me to the other world, you are my heir. Now, then, try.’

“Hereupon the old man arose, and stood so dignified before me, and with such confident

sternness in his countenance, that, for the whole world, I could not have drawn a sword upon him. But one of my comrades—he owned to me, afterwards, that he had done it in a kind of mental frenzy—drew his weapon, and turned quickly upon the old man.

“ ‘Thrust home, boy !’ shouted he, whilst his eyes sparkled angrily ; and not ten, but ten thousand, devils seemed to issue from his mouth.

“ ‘My young comrade, ashamed, returned his sword to its sheath, and prudently endeavoured to turn it off as a jest. The old man smiled.

“ ‘Ye are not the best of company,’ said he, sneeringly. ‘Had not your courage and your strength failed you, and were I not protected from your ingratitude by higher powers, you had paid me a bloody reckoning. No grudge, however, for that. Drink, and eat. Often in my lifetime have I met the same.’

“ ‘Just then, the old woman opened the door, and dragged in a she-wolf, yet gasping, with the death-rattle in its throat.

“ ‘There,’ said she, and left the bleeding brute upon the floor, and went out muttering.

“The old huntsman stood up, and looked closely at the animal: the fatal bullet had struck the brain.

“‘’Tis a fine thing, truly, for the human understanding, to see how man’s knowledge strides with the time,’ said he, with a self-satisfied air. ‘Some years ago, I was obliged to dig deep pits, cover them carefully with twigs, and tie up a kid there, to catch the plundering forest warriors therein; and then, when the prisoner howled, and got his friends and relations together out of mountain and valley, there was fine trouble, oftentimes a madder alarm than when Croats ravage an open town, and wreak their fury upon the unarmed folk. But now, since the Swedish King has so improved his life-guards’ musket-locks, that there is no need of a match—now, one sets spring-guns, and the brutes slay themselves.’”

“‘And was that shot from a spring-gun?’ said I.

“‘Nothing more,’ returned he, sneeringly. ‘It concerned this wolf, not you.’”

“He grasped the beast by the neck, and cast it, with youthful vigour, on the floor of the house.

“ ‘The shot,’ said I, rather ashamed, ‘the shot has brought us from our talk. You were apparently about to instruct us thereby, what reference it might have to being proof against shot and steel.’

“ ‘Not that I know of,’ returned he, carelessly.

“ ‘And if it was not your intent,’ pursued I, ‘then might I beg of you to make us sharers of your knowledge on that point? The sort of thing might help an old soldier, at a pinch.’

“ He considered awhile, and then said :

“ ‘You are a man of mature years, and also of ripe understanding, and destiny has made you what she would, and done it well ; but those’ (pointing to my comrades) ‘young springalds, who, perchance, have yet their first essay in arms to make, such things are not for them ; let them depart, and lay themselves to rest, whilst we gossip over this and that.’

“ I winked to my comrades, who were curious, and wished to remain.

“ ‘To you, Sirs,’ said the old man, ‘I am dumb.’

“ I besought them ; and at length they went, and left me with the old jäger alone.

“‘To begin then,’ said he, taking off his cap, and laying it upon the table, ‘I ask ye. can ye be silent?’

“I assented.

“‘Then know,’ said he, ‘that what I tell you may cause much evil, should you divulge it; therefore, promise to be silent to all men regarding what you hear, save only to him whom you may find ripe for it: to him you may intrust it.’

“I made the promise.”

“And were, notwithstanding, on the point of letting it out to a whole crowd of your comrades,” said La Croix.

“Not so, valiant Sir,” said he; “that never occurred to me. My history was just at an end, when the Colonel’s trumpet sounded, and disturbed its close.”

“And do you believe that you may venture to entrust me therewith?” asked La Croix.

“Yes, Hauptmann, for you were at the Pässe-walk bonfire with Götz.”

La Croix started. The old warrior calmly continued:

“The old huntsman whistled, and the servant appeared.

“ ‘Wine, witch,’ cried he.

“ She brought two brimming goblets.

“ ‘Without wine, what I have to say will not come from my throat.’

“ He half-emptied his cup, and set it down violently on the table, cast down his head, and stared a moment before him; and when he again raised it, it struck me that the features of his face were changed—as if the wildness of his eye had become mild as a lamb—though, as I imagined, the sneering expression still distorted his mouth, while the old man was silent, and I regarded him fixedly. He suddenly asked :

“ ‘Do you take me for a Christian?’

“ ‘My God!’ said I, astonished; ‘wherefore should I not?’

“ ‘And yet,’ said he, ‘and yet, I can no longer claim a share in the blessings of the Church, for my soul is pledged to the fiend!’

“ I shuddered and drew back. ‘True, is it not, old comrade?’ said he, with a bitter laugh. ‘Even a cuirassier of the League shudders at the idea, and draws back crossing himself from such a lost one; and yet,’ pursued he, and his voice trembled, ‘full oft pledge ye your souls to Satan, with the mere difference that you sign

the bond with the stranger's blood ; I must do it with my own. When ye fire a town and sack it, rob widows and orphans, when your swords smoke with the guiltless blood of peaceful citizens, believe ye not, that this is as firm a bond, and pledges you as surely to hell as does the covenant made by me with the wild jäger in the forest ? But what need words ? I wander from my subject. Listen with attention. Ere you learn the ways and means to attain my secret, must you feel within yourself the settled purpose to make use of it, and have the courage on some night by the light of the full moon and on a cross road, to open a vein for the fiend, and—'

" ' Hold !' cried I, in anger, ' I am a good Christian, tell my beads daily, shirk neither mass nor priest, and make confession when I can—'

" He laughed aloud :

" ' Why there is Tilly himself,' said he, scornfully ; ' prays like a Carthusian, honours a priest even before his God, and yet even he is fallen to the fiend !'

" Full of military zeal, I drew my sword

when I heard my honoured hero and General, Count Tscherklas von Tilly so coarsely insulted, and was about to make a deadly blow at the old sinner, when he threateningly raised his arm, and regarded me with a look that at once withheld me from violence, and made me tremble before his awful appearance. I let fall my arm.

“ ‘ ’Tis praiseworthy,’ said he, as if nothing had happened, ‘when the soldier is ready to defend his General’s honour with body and blood; and therefore do I praise ye, and hold ye not for the worst among your fellows; but spare your virtue for a better cause and a better man than he is. But I see by the position of the moon that it is midnight, lay yourself to rest, the hounds barking will arouse you, for they ever howl their greeting to the morning air; then saddle and pack your horses quickly, and leave the court before ’tis day; only until then are ye my valued guests—only until then do I exercise hospitality.’

“He whistled; the old woman appeared. ‘Lead the soldier to his room. Good night!’ And as I left the room, he called after me, ‘We

shall not meet to-morrow, and so, a good journey.'

"We saddled, and departed before the break of day, and I have never seen him since."

La Croix sat thinking and leaning on the table regarding the old dragoon as fixedly as if he was still talking; the latter emptied his cup and purposely struck it on the table; the Captain started up.

"In the Harz he dwells?" asked he, suddenly, as if awakening from a dream.

"Yes, Sir."

"Could ye find the way to his dwelling again?"

"Perchance."

"Drink out, old hero," said La Croix, filling his cup kindly, "we will talk further."

"If it please God!" growled the old man, made privately the sign of the cross over his cup, and then emptied it; thanked La Croix, and returned to his horse.

"So, in the Harz!" muttered the Hauptmann. "I have somewhat of a curiosity to make a nearer acquaintance with the honest man and his beasts."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the Amt-house at Olvenstädt, all was bustle. Pappenheim was giving a great banquet, to which all the superior officers had been invited. He wished to impart to them the information that General Tilly was advancing his army from Halberstädt for the siege of Magdeburg, and to agree upon the arrangements necessary for that purpose.

Pappenheim had also another more private reason for once more assembling at his table the chiefs and colonels of the different regiments before the arrival of the Generalissimo. Nature had gifted him with the happy quality of winning men's hearts; his penetrating, lively spirit, his

understanding, rich in various kinds of knowledge for the time in which he lived, and an open, conciliatory, frank disposition, made him much beloved in the army. His wild, unbridled, unsurpassable courage, which hurried him into the thickest ranks of the enemy, there to fight where death was most rife, had won for him the admiration of the soldiery. The freedom which he allowed in quarters, the licentiousness of his own peculiar corps, made him their idol. If the officers followed Wallenstein's colours, if they submitted themselves to the unbending severity of that General, if they humbled themselves before his boundless pride, it was in the hope alone of lavish recompense. Did they follow Tilly's call, it was the career of conquering glory, through which this cautious leader, crowned with thirty victories, had led them ; but in following Pappenheim, it was the soldier's heart which attracted them to the " Man of good-fortune," who knew no fear, shunned no danger, and to whom the most daring undertaking was ever the dearest. Wallenstein acted for himself alone, Tilly for his master and the Jesuits ; but Pappenheim for glory and the Catholic faith.

Wallenstein was prince ; Tilly general ; but Pappenheim, soldier ; and seldom was the soldier content with the measures of his cautious general. Pappenheim bold, and scorning every danger, thought of glory alone, and wherever he saw its laurels he would entwine them in his own wreath ; he would then dash on, regardless whether, in the pursuit, he brought ruin on himself, or on his army ; and on this account, Maximilian of Bavaria, much as he was personally attached to him, never intrusted him with the chief command, notwithstanding the value he set upon his private correspondence with his subordinate General, which was carried on behind Tilly's back.

Pappenheim's ambitious soul, however, strove after the highest post. He murmured to see his eagle-flights so oft restrained by this veteran of seventy-two, who ever anxiously calculating possibilities, left nought to chance. Tilly knew Pappenheim's disposition ; he was aware of the correspondence which he carried on with the Elector ; but he prized his endowments too highly not to know how valuable it was, both to him and to his master, to possess a General

in the army to whom, in case of need, the most difficult enterprise might be committed ; but he never had true confidence in him ; unrestrained openness never reigned between them, they were too dissimilar to harmonize. In one point alone did they agree : both were alike disinterested. Tilly drained Germany for the Elector of Bavaria ; Pappenheim extorted all he could for his soldiers : for themselves neither took a fraction. Whilst Wallenstein heaped up treasures and gained dukedoms, Tilly refused a principality. But where policy led one to apparent mildness, blind zeal and the Jesuits often urged the latter to cruelty. Pappenheim, spite of his mental culture, was hurried into inhumanity solely by the wild spirit of the warrior. His corps, consisting chiefly of Walloons, was the most unbridled horde of all ages ; and no leader, either before or after him, was so bloody—so terrible to the peaceful citizen as he. Having gone over from the Lutheran to the Catholic faith, he, like Tilly, fancied himself compelled to sacrifice every feeling to religion ; and what in the latter was the work of priests, was in Pappenheim the effect of blind faith

alone. In this point Wallenstein stood far above them both ; herein his spirit acted more free and unfettered ; hating the Jesuits, he vehemently opposed the priestly power, and prized his men for their real worth, and not for their peculiar faith.

By degrees the military chiefs began to arrive at Oivenstädt. La Croix, who had the personal direction of Pappenheim's household, was commissioned with this banquet, and had made costly arrangements. It is truly an easy matter to play the liberal host out of another's purse. The supplies for Pappenheim's family were daily delivered from the country and the towns of the Archbishopric ; but to-day the necessary rose to the superfluous ; Rhenish, Spanish, and Hungarian wines foamed in crystal goblets and gilded beakers, and the guests did full honour to the feast.

In virtue of his princely rank, if not by reason of his distinguished services, Adolf, Duke of Holstein, occupied the place of honour—a Prince who, like many of that day, held his faith at a lower price than his private interest. At the head of his regiment of foot he was a

brave soldier, but he was nothing more. Had he not been a duke—had he not from his private means raised a regiment for the Emperor's service—possibly Wallenstein would have never given him a pair of colours. On his right sat Pappenheim; on his left the General Wachtmeister; Van der Neers, a Netherlander, grown grey in arms, whom Tilly, with his cautious foresight, had appointed to Pappenheim's staff. Next to him sat Benninghausen, Colonel of Imperial cavalry, a tried soldier, and still more seasoned drinker, otherwise a stately, warlike fellow, and much beloved by Pappenheim. By the Field-Marshal's side who could sit but his favourite Holk, in personal appearance so unlike, but in courage, enterprise, and firmness so like himself? As the Pappenheimers—for so were Pappenheim's own corps named—exceeded all other troops, whether Imperial or of the League, in licentiousness, so, in like manner, were Holk's infantry and dragoons the wildest among the Pappenheimers themselves. Formerly, in the Danish service, he had defended Stralsund against Wallenstein; and after the Lubeck peace had formed a corps

from the disbanded Danish troops, with which he had entered the Imperial service. His enterprising spirit soon won him the favour of his leader; and after the latter's supersession by Tilly, whom, as a true adherent of Wallenstein, Holk of course hated, he allied himself completely to Pappenheim. There were also present the Colonels Corona, Saradetzki, the Croat Lieutenant-Colonel, also Lieutenant-Colonel Freiherr von Grotta, and many more field-officers of the different regiments, and indeed scarcely an officer of consequence in the division was absent. The wine had already been zealously circulated, and heads were getting heated, when Pappenheim rose, and with a loud voice said :

“Now, Sirs, I would propose ye fill your goblets, and drain them, to the destruction of this nest of Lutheran heretics before which we stand.”

“By no means, Lord Field-Marshal!” broke in Holk, his countenance glowing with wine and anger. “As a true servant of the Emperor, I'll drink to the overthrow of Magdeburg, but not because it is a Lutheran town. Leave points of faith out of military matters; for, for

yours I would not pluck my dagger, far less my sword, from its sheath. Ye all know that Lutheranism is honoured by the bands of Holk, and my field-preacher, ever before a fight, administers the Sacrament in both kinds ; but in spite of that we combat for our Kaiser as truly and bravely, and are well worth as much as the Croats, who pray all day with their Capucins."

Saradetzki sprang up: "What of the Croats?" said he, angrily.

"I wish they'd pray less, and fight better," answered Holk, with a coolness which showed that he felt there was no need to excite himself. "And so, Sirs, to the overthrow of Magdeburg, and then to the welfare of our Field-Marshal, Count Pappenheim, to whom may God and the Emperor, and his Highness the Elector of Bavaria, grant the power to stand and act alone, according to the dictates of his own heroic soul!"

Glasses jingled, the Croat was silent and drank; and as Pappenheim returned thanks, and the officers resumed their seats, the Duke of Holstein arose, and said:

"Honour to whom honour is due: we had

done well sooner to have cried life to the head, than to one of the limbs. To the noble warrior our Generalissimo, Johan Tscherklas, Count von Tilly !”

“Your Princely Highness,” interrupted Holk, “has given us a suitable toast, but I don’t quite like the distinction of head and limbs ; for were we all only limbs, and Tilly alone our head, we should be but ill off. And it moreover surprises me, that your Princely Highness should so zealously stand up for the Generalissimo, who is quite able to maintain his own dignity and honour, while, as a good Lutheran Christian and Prince, you pass the Field-Marshal’s health in silence : and do not even stand up for our own afflicted Church, which truly needs all the aid she can get.”

“’Tis the wine speaks in you, Colonel Holk,” said the Duke haughtily.

“Very possibly,” retorted Holk, laughing ; “wine is Truth’s gunner :—when he fires, he is sure to hit his mark.”

“To the prosperity of the General-in-Chief, gentlemen !” cried Pappenheim, breaking in upon the dispute ; “he is now leaving Hal-

berstädt, and will be with us in a few days ; and on that account have I assembled you here, both to arrange what is needful, and to hear your opinions as to whether we may not, on some one point, undertake something against the town ere Tilly arrives—merely as a deed of arms to welcome our chief with honour.”

“We must make up our minds, then, to take the bull by the horns, Field-Marshal,” said Holk. “You and I are opposite the fortress ; Benninghausen, however, near a weaker point of the Sudenburg ; the Duke before the Neustadt ; if they will propose nothing in the shape of adventure, we must, in truth, wait for more troops.”

Benninghausen remained silent, and the Duke expressed his opinion that they should await Tilly’s arrival, before undertaking aught ; the remaining officers, in like manner, gave their opinions, some showing more, and some less, their adherence to Tilly. Pappenheim remained silent throughout, and signed to La Croix to provide more wine, and then seemed to take little part in the conversation : he had

attained his object—to open the heart with the wine, except, perhaps, as regarded Van der Neers, who, in spite of emptying goblet after goblet, had remained hitherto dumb, and expressed no opinion upon any point.

All at once, as if an evil spirit, or the wine had inspired him, La Croix, as he filled the goblets right and left with malvoisie, said :

“I do indeed think that we ought to do some deed of arms before Tilly’s arrival, in order to astonish the army, and make them say when they arrive, ‘There are the old Pappenheimers still!’ ”

“Bravo, Hauptmann La Croix!” cried Holk. “I scarcely expected to have heard such a soldier’s speech from you. Field-Marshal, give the noble captain who speaks such bold things here amongst these cautious colonels, the execution of the affair himself.”

“And,” said Benninghausen, taking up the discourse, “I can give you a good opportunity to execute a feat, if Count Pappenheim permits. On my side, before the Sudenburg, lies Klosterberg; the Magdeburgers have entrenched it; the defences are a captain and seventy men,

with three falconets. Your company, worthy Captain, has not for a long time seen you at its head: attack the Kloster with it, take it, and the name of La Croix will henceforth hold an honoured place among the Pappenheimers."

"If my General allows it," said La Croix, "I am ready to undertake the storm of the Kloster."

"What will not wine do!" thought Holk.

"I'll venture a company of my regiment upon it," said Pappenheim, "though it should only be, La Croix, to give thee an opportunity of distinguishing thyself. Reconnoitre the fort to-morrow, and take it the day after."

La Croix bowed respectfully.

Whilst the chiefs still continued their banquet above, the Amtmann's family sat below sadly listening to the noise and bustle. Aunt Cunegunda, who slunk about everywhere like a blind worm, was only troubled at the ill-manners of the servants, who, in the lower apartments, like their lords in the higher, were sitting around the costly dishes, and pouring the luscious Spanish wines down their throats, as if they were beer.

Anna alone appeared to take no part in the sadness which had come over all: her lively imagination was busied with such pleasing pictures, and painting the soldier's life in such alluring colours, that oftentimes she almost fancied herself mounted on a spirited horse by Pappenheim's side, in the midst of the steady fight, braving wounds and death. Hedwig, on the contrary, sat still and thoughtful: she was angry with her imagination, and quickly banished the visions which it busily brought before her, and turned her thoughts to Magdeburg, whence, like the faithful carrier-pigeon, they ever returned—but without news. Fain would she have been with her betrothed; but she was still here, and felt dissatisfied with herself.

The door was opened, and Hohendorf entered; his head still bound up, on account of his scarcely healed wound. His look made a singular impression upon Hedwig, and it was as if the vision, with which her fancy had been busy, stood bodily before her. She felt frightened at his approach, and yet could not withdraw her eyes from his pale countenance.

“Forgive me, Amtmann,” said he, modestly, “that whilst things are so loud and stormy above, I come down to seek the quiet of your family circle.”

“You are not then at the banquet?” said Anna, inquiringly.

“No, I love not their boisterous pleasures; and besides, my wound allows me not to share in them.”

“I would gladly look upon such a revel from a distance,” said she, “for there does man show himself in all his fire—but in all his weakness also.”

Hohendorf looked at her with surprise.

“Is this your serious thought?” said he.

“And wherefore not? In my eyes, man is great only when he appears before me in his power and in his greatness: ’tis for that that the warrior is more prized than other men. Courage is ever the noblest ornament of man, and far more perilous to our hearts than beauty. Every expression of manly energy wins my respect.”

“What!—even the rude and unpolished? If this be so, I pity you!” said he.

Anna felt insulted, and looked gloomily at the young man, who was just turning towards Hedwig.

“You pity me !” exclaimed she ; “pity me because I respect what alone is worthy to be prized in man, and because I give the soldier the foremost place.”

“Do you know us ?” asked Hohendorf, with sympathy ; “do you not yet know something of a soldier’s life from what your experience here has shown you ? or does a sanguine fancy deck it with gaudy colours, and show you only the bright side of the dark picture ? Maiden,” said he, with an expression of the deepest feeling, “did you indeed know what soldiers are, know the awful nature of the warrior’s life, you would turn away your looks from the picture : the maiden’s modest eyes would be cast down to earth before such scenes of horror, and you would fear lest the power which is now so alluring to your fancy, should crush you in its rude embrace. The age of chivalry has left us ; the last gleams of its glorious age expired with Christian of Brunswick : we are now but bloodthirsty, rapacious robbers, serving any one

for pay. Look around you : there above sit the Field-Marshal, Benninghausen, the Croat leaders, and nearly all the officers of rank. They crossed themselves before they went to table, and listened devoutly to the father's Latin prayer, and understood it not ; whilst the wild Holk, the Duke of Holstein, and the phlegmatic Van der Neers, addressed themselves with a Lutheran thanksgiving to their meat. Lutherans, they serve the Emperor, and hurl destruction on their faith's strong bulwarks. Pay allures them under the banners of the conqueror ; and if, which God forbid, the Austrian Eagle should succumb, they would follow the banners of the victor."

"What is your own faith?" asked Hedwig, shyly.

"I follow the faith of my fathers : I am a Catholic Christian."

A deep blush overspread the maiden's face.

"And what then has led you to join in this ungodly work?" asked Anna, sneeringly ; "why are you a soldier?"

"I follow the wish of my parents. My personal regard for Pappenheim, and—"

“ Well,” said Anna ; “ and what—continue.”

“ And I hope with God’s blessing to do some good even here—to prevent much evil—to soften many a harsh command ; and thus I trust to fill my station—to fulfil my duty as a soldier, and not dishonour it as a man.”

Anna was silent.

In Hedwig’s glance was his reward.

“ You wished to intrust me with a small letter to your betrothed,” said he, turning to her. “ I have as yet no opportunity, as the city leaders send no one here, and our General likes not parleying ; but I think to speak to Colonel Holk to-day, and he will surely take charge of the letter for me, for he is daily engaged with the enemy.”

Hedwig arose, fetched the letter from her desk, and gave it to Hohendorf. “ I have written to him of you also,” said she, in a low voice.

As the Rittmeister received the letter in his hand, he felt as if burdened with a heavy weight, and an unpleasant feeling mastered him. As he read the address, “ To Moritz Trausdorf, in Magdeburg,” the picture of his

favoured rival stood before him, decked, to his pain, with all that was attractive; and sunk in sad thoughts, he dropped his looks upon the letter.

“Perchance you feel it irksome to grant my request, Rittmeister,” said the maiden quickly, whilst a faint blush coloured her cheeks; “give it to me back.”

“Not so,” said Hohendorf. “I will gladly and truly charge myself with it.”

They now heard that the banquet had broken up.

“Then I must hasten, before Colonel Holk has ridden off,” said Hohendorf; “for often after such revels, when all has not been as he likes, he is mounted and off at once.”

“That is an honest, good man,” said the Amtmann, as Hohendorf left the room.

“That is he, father,” said Hedwig, forgetting herself.

“And if he were to embrace you as his bride,” said Anna jesting, “you would not pout so much as when your modest grocer once attempted it.”

“I pray thee drop this, sister,” begged Hedwig.

Just now they saw Hauptmann La Croix cross the court hastily. As much as the wine had excited him to bold words, even so much had the Klosterberg cooled his enthusiasm. But his word must be kept. Pappenheim must not suspect that his courage failed him at the thought of the storm. His good or evil spirit caused a thought to arise which urged him towards the stable where he yet hoped to find the old Holkish dragoon. He was quietly feeding his horse.

“Follow me, comrade,” said La Croix to him ; “follow me into the garden, but quickly.”

The old man did as the Hauptmann desired ; and when they had reached a retired spot in the snow-covered plot, the Hauptmann drew two Spanish doubloons from his purse, and gave them to the dragoon.

“These are thine,” said he, “if thou wilt make me more exactly acquainted with the old jäger and his doings. I gladly seek instruction everywhere, and in this point, also, I would extend my knowledge ; therefore—” the Reiter looked down, as if hesitating—“take these two, and put them beside the others ; four Spanish doubloons are well worth as much as thirty

pieces of silver; and thou hast not to betray thy lord and master, but only this trick of Satan."

The old soldier, who had till now been looking at the gold with a wistful eye, now looked up, and regarded the Hauptmann long and silently. There was so much honesty in his face, that spoke for the old man's truth. He shook his head doubtfully. But just as he was about to break silence, and speak out his mind freely, he looked once more at the shining gold, the open expression vanished, and his mouth curled into a smile.

"Hauptmann," said he, earnestly, "have you well considered that the firm purpose to sacrifice the soul for the body's weal must precede this act? for if you feel not the unflinching spirit to cast off at once all holy things, the trifling means which he gave me will profit nought, and the old huntsman can never wind the indissoluble band about you which will render you proof against wounds and death, while at the same time it devotes you to the Prince of Darkness."

"Speak more plainly," interrupted La Croix.

“Care not thou for my will, for without thee and thy narration I have long been inwardly and irrevocably determined.”

“Now then, hear!” begun the Reiter, after a moment’s thought. “I must confess, then, that I did not yesterday tell you the whole truth.” He thus continued the thread of the story :

“As I was not willing to throw off all holy ties, and bind myself irrevocably to the fiend, he could not, as he said, render for me life fast against shot and steel, for I had not, as he called it, the inbred devil in me indispensably necessary to the act ; but he gave me a little flask, and told me :

“‘If thou takest three times seven drops from this vial, sayest no rosary for one half-year, and for the same space hearest no mass, thou wilt be for one half-year fast against all ; but for this, three years will fall to Satan ; thy conduct can, however, redeem thee from his hands when these three years are passed. Then, should’st thou feel the call within thee to devote thyself for ever to a life free from every care, in which, a hero among thy fellows, thou mayest defy death and danger, rising step by step ever

higher—in a word, make thyself fast for life—thou knowest where to find me.’ ”

Here he paused. “As yet,” pursued he, “I have not felt within me this call; the time has elapsed wherein the drops could profit me; but one year only of my three has gone. You see the fiend takes more than even Jewish usury.”

La Croix thrust the gold pieces into his hand, which the old man pocketed with a peculiar smile.

“Hast thou yet proved thy charm?” asked then La Croix.

“Have I proved it?” returned the dragoon. “Do you remember the sally from Wolfenbüttel, when the Danish Reiters pressed so hard upon us? The honest Jutlanders hammered away at me and my helmet, like a smith at his anvil, but never a mark had I, much less did I lose a drop of blood. One put his pistol to my visor and fired. Bah! I laughed; it was to me merely as if a sharp puff of wind had blown past me. But more lately, at Neuhaus, on the Elbe, I thought not, in the heat of fight how that my time was long since passed,

plunged into the thickest press, and laid about me lustily, and got this scar."

"Give me the flask!" cried La Croix, eagerly. "I will pay thee for it drop for drop."

"I have it not here," said the Reiter; "but to-morrow, when I am off duty, obtain me leave to ride over, and I'll bring it to you."

"Good God! but to-morrow, before the evening, certain must thou be here," said the Hauptmann. "So, till we meet again, I hasten to the Colonel to get thy leave."

He left him.

The old Reiter now took the four doubloons again from his pocket, looked at them, laid them separately on the forefinger of his left hand, and tried if they had the proper clang.

"In such tricks," said he, "as he contentedly returned them to his pocket, "the devil oft-times drives his fun. One thinks to cheat, is cheated oneself, and gets nought but false coin to boot. Well, well! may it profit you, Hauptmann La Croix! 'Tis my opinion that the devil has you fast enough without my aid."

On the afternoon of the following day he

rode again to the Amthouse, where the Hauptmann had been long eagerly expecting him, for the Magdeburgers had in his reconnaissance of the Klosterberg made him not a little warm. He made the old man follow him to his room, where the latter gave him a little crystal bottle, such as ladies in these days use for their toilette-tables for lavender and rose; it contained a fluid of a dark-greenish yellow colour, but the flask was not above half full. La Croix eagerly grasped it.

“So,” said he, “one-and-twenty drops!”

“Thrice seven!” said the old man, with mysterious solemnity.

“Now then, I return you thanks,” said the Hauptmann; “the remainder shalt thou have honestly back.”

The soldier still delayed to go, and stood, looking expectantly at the Hauptmann, motionless before him. He was thinking of his words — “I will pay thee drop for drop;” and therefore attentively watched each motion of his hand; but it did not approach his purse.

“Go now, my good old soldier,” said La Croix, patting him upon the shoulder.

Still the man waited, in expectation of his reward.

“Is there aught else to be observed?” said La Croix, interpreting his delay otherwise. “A charm, or, perchance, a form of words, to be spoken : if so, tell me.”

The old man laughed scornfully.

“Nought, nought to do, but to swallow thrice seven drops.”

“Then go, old comrade, leave me alone, and keep thine own counsel.”

“Do you believe, Sir,” returned the old man, vexed at receiving no further reward, “do you believe that one can gossip about such things? That would be too serious and hazardous a business, and you will find it so. Bitter, bitter as gall, are the drops, and when they are down, they will nigh bind up your throat—as if Satan stood by, sneering, as his devil’s drink was strangling one with its taste, which one can’t get over in half an hour ; for this day, must no drop of other liquor pass your tongue. You will have also ghastly, ghostly dreams. But what harm? Farewell, and may it profit ye.”

He left him.

Flask in hand, La Croix stood thoughtfully in the middle of the room.

“Oft have I already heard of these things, and since I have lived among soldiers, have watched, and hoped to gain some knowledge from them; but they were ever dumb, or gave me dark, incomprehensible words, instead of light; and yet ’twas everywhere believed. Pappenheim alone—of whom they say, he’s fast, not against wounds, but death—jests at it, and holds that, in man’s breast, and in his courage, lies alone his shield, against the all-devouring; and in the hands of Fate, his wounds, his death.”

Thus saying, he raised the flask, and held it to the light.

“And you, ye unpretending drops—which, poured upon the earth, evaporate—have ye the power to shut man’s veins, and fix the blood in his prison fast?—ye, have ye the power to lure the soul from grace to hell? I shudder when I regard ye, and think upon the thrice seven drops which, as they glide downwards, so fearfully decide my destiny. But,” muttered he to himself, while the smile of desperation distorted

his features, "what have I to lose? I have no more to sacrifice; and, by the bargain, I can only gain for the hope—the hope yet, by penitence, to cleanse myself, ere yet I leave this world—that hope which, even in my blackest hours, has glimmered like a pale miner's lamp, and ne'er has quite deserted me: it yet remains. Only for three years does the covenant last—how swiftly are they gone!—and it is broken. So courage;" and he opened the flask. "Now, Satan, do thy work," said he, scornfully; "my will is fast—I waver not, even though thou didst appear."

He trickled thrice seven drops, well reckoned, in a glass.

"My hand should not tremble"—the bitter draught was swallowed.—"Ugh," said he, and shuddered, "Hell's gifts are usually sweet at first, but this is now as bitter as gall; and not a drop of cypress wine may moisten my throat or tongue, not even a drop of water wash the poison down. Now, then, to-day the bitter, to-morrow the sweet—to-morrow, when, with courage firm, ne'er felt before, amidst the shower of bullets, to the wall, bathed in the enemy's

blood, and calling to the proud Dwarf—to Holk, the sneering Sybarite—‘Now, valiant hero, follow me!’”

In this mood, he sought his couch; but when the lamp was out, the darkness of the night led all his thoughts more darkly in array before him. A doubt crossed him—his heart beat thick.

“But no, no,” cried he; “were it a gift of Heaven, I well might doubt—Hell’s presents are too sure!”

But, spite his confidence, he could not sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT lightly armed, in order as he said, to be the first upon the wall, Hauptmann La Croix rode in the morning to Scalpke, and from thence proceeded with his company, strengthened by one hundred men of the regiment, and two half royals, to Lemsdorf, and from hence to the hollow opposite Klosterberg; whilst Benninghausen, for his support, occupied Fermersleben and Lemsdorf with infantry, and posted his cuirassiers behind the rising ground, and thus covered the assault upon the cloister. Holk also had advanced with his regiment and some Croats to Hanengraben and the Engasberg, behind Klein and Gross Ottersleben, and

had driven back the advanced posts of the Magdeburgers ; whilst Pappenheim, who had advanced as far as Diesdorf, caused some half royals to be brought up to the high ground in advance, in order to cannonade the Sudenburg, and draw the enemy's attention upon themselves. La Croix, who had posted his men in the hollow, and under shelter of an alder thicket, awaited the first cannon-shot from Diesdorf, as the signal for the assault.

At this moment Holk, who had meantime advanced to Lemsdorf, galloped up to him, and called out :

“ Now, then, valiant Sir, do you see the Kloster, and the colours of the Administrator waving so cheerily on the wall ? You have a tough bit of work before you—go at it boldly.”

“ Rest assured of it, Colonel Holk ; and if you have a desire for once to see closely how a redoubt should be taken, have the goodness to follow me.”

At this moment the guns at Diesdorf opened ; La Croix ordered the advance, and dashed fully five hundred yards in front of those who led,

and carried the storming ladders ; the enemy in the Klosterberg had been long watching the preparations for the attack, and was in readiness ; he opened a brisk fire from his falconets upon La Croix, who, however, remained quietly and awaited his men, whilst the balls were striking the ground round and about him without touching him.

“ Thou art proved,” muttered he to himself, and as his infantry joined him, halted for an instant, made the necessary arrangements, distributed the ladders, caused his company which was destined to storm, to advance, and the remaining hundred men to follow in reserve ; he, himself, had given his horse to a servant, and advanced partizan in hand, at the head of his men, leading them under a shower of balls right against the walls. Holk had ridden back to the heights of Lemsdorf, where he found Pappenheim, and whence they could plainly overlook the whole assault.

“ Do tell me, Count Pappenheim,” began Holk, “ what devil has entered into Hauptmann La Croix to-day ; there he is, leading on the stormers as if he were the bravest and most

capable of officers ; his arrangements are all in order, and his example calculated to encourage your infantry. See now, how he casts himself into the ditch and places the ladders himself. On, on, La Croix," shouted he, excited by the strife, gave his horse the spur, and galloped towards the Kloster.

Pappenheim laughed at the wild Holk, who allowed himself to be carried away by his ardour, but followed him nevertheless. The Pappenheimers now placed the ladders, and La Croix, followed by his ensign, was the first upon the wall. The Kloster was taken, and a captain and seventy men composing the garrison, massacred—Pappenheim arriving too late to save them.

" Truly, Hauptmann La Croix," said Holk, shaking him by the hand, " I have done you wrong, and shame not to confess it. I was not prepared for such daring courage in you."

" You heap one insult on another," retorted La Croix, irritated. "'Tis not in boastful words, but in manly deeds, that true courage is to be found ; not in wild Croat impetuosity, that evaporates as quickly as it arises ; it lies in the firm, well-grounded tact how to spare your

powers till the fittest time, and then to use them boldly."

"Mannikin!" interrupted Holk, clapping him on the shoulder, whilst his not very lovely face was still more distorted by a pitying smile, "thou speakest like a very Wittenberg professor, and teachest us, the Field-Marshal and myself, what courage is. Mannikin," continued Holk, his deep-set eyes becoming even more vivacious, "has the first school exercise that thou hast practised made thee already so over-wise?"

La Croix shook with passion. Pappenheim also seemed getting annoyed; Holk, without noticing either, continued:

"Croat impetuosity, deemest thou, is truly not worth much? Art right, 'tis merely flaming straw; bú mannikin—"

"Colonel Holk," interrupted Pappenheim, "the enemy might easily venture a sally from the Sudenburg to recover the lost Kloster; draw off your cavalry more on the road to Halle, and take a position there, but under cover; away, and be prepared; if the enemy should venture aught—"

"I understand, Field-Marshal," returned

Holk, "my fellows are to take a ride, in order to leave Hauptmann La Croix here the field to himself. Farewell!" and he galloped indignantly away.

"A rude being," remarked La Croix, not, however, till Holk was out of hearing. "I only wonder how you, my honoured General, could suffer this chat so long."

"Let the redoubt be destroyed," ordered Pappenheim, without listening to La Croix, "quickly, ere the enemy make a sally, Colonel Benninghausen shall send horses to fetch away the captured cannon. Haste ye! for the guns from the Sudenburg and Elbe redoubt will soon salute you. For the rest, I thank ye," and he turned then with these words to the soldiers:

"Ye have to-day shown anew that ye are my Pappenheimers, and I only grieve that the burning Kloster walls have no plunder to offer ye—now then 'twill be another thing in Magdeburg." He left the redoubt; and not until it was destroyed under a shower of balls, and the troops withdrew to their quarters, did he also return towards Olvenstädt.

Several days passed there in undisturbed quiet. Rittmeister Hohendorf was now quite recovered, and again accompanied the Field-Marshal in all his excursions.

Through the capture of the Klosterberg, La Croix had become more insupportable than ever. Anna, still and contemplative, repelled his attentions with bitterness, and her lively, cheerful disposition seemed totally changed. She sat still in her usual place, taking part in nothing, for Pappenheim, this man of her imagination, and who was now the master of her heart, appeared not to regard her, all his attentions were for the retiring Hedwig alone, and yet her passionate feeling became every day more strong.

Hedwig, less wrapped up in her own thoughts than her sister, was however also deeply troubled. A certain disquiet had seized upon the maiden; she, who would usually sit in the window all day with a spindle, and seem to notice no one, had now no peaceful moment. Hohendorf's entrance, which occurred very often, drove her from the room; and did Pappenheim approach her, she took the first fitting opportu-

nity to withdraw, and looked anxiously up when the excited Anna sometimes went out quickly, and she found herself alone with Pappenheim. Never had woman made such an impression on this man, nor had any before held this so universally dreaded person so completely in the bounds of respect, as she; and yet the manner in which he was accustomed to express his feelings and inclinations, and did sometimes express them, had in it something so disagreeable to her feelings, that her heart begun to beat if he did but approach her.

One day as it was already getting dusk, the family of the Amtmann were sitting in the twilight, each brooding over their own melancholy thoughts, when Hohendorf entered abruptly, and after a short greeting, hastened to the window where Hedwig was sitting, and as she arose to attend to somewhat, he caught her hand impetuously.

“ Oh! by all you esteem holy,” said he, in a low and trembling tone, “ grant me but a moment to speak with you alone.”

Hedwig looked at him with an air of surprise.

“ Do not mistake me, Hedwig ; but merely for your own happiness’ sake, follow me out. I must speak with you alone, at all hazards.”

Hedwig was silent, she was so agitated by Hohendorf’s request, that she knew not what to think or how to answer.

“ As truly as God is above me,” said he, at length, with the deepest feeling, “ if you follow me not you are lost ;” and without awaiting her reply, he withdrew.

Although they had not understood his words, all, with the exception of Anna, who had not noticed him at all, were astonished at the unusual bearing of this man, commonly so mild and quiet. Hedwig strove long with herself, although she felt that Hohendorf had no evil purpose in his urgent demand ; but she feared that he might be compelled to depart, and had only that moment to declare the feelings he had been unable to conceal ; and she feared for herself, should it be that the moment of parting was to be that of decision ; could she make it more bitter to him ?

After a while she left the room, and went quietly out. She perceived Hohendorf by the

moonlight, walking rapidly to and fro in the leafless beech avenue. When he perceived her, he hastened to meet her.

“Hedwig,” cried he, taking her hand, warmly, “you must from hence and quickly; if you see to-morrow’s sun set here you are ruined.”

“Hohendorf, speak more plainly,” said she, terrified, “you frighten me.”

“Pappenheim is attracted by you; to-morrow you will be in his power.”

“Righteous God!” cried the maiden, trembling.

“Whither shall I conduct you?” said he, gently pressing her hand.

“Where my father shall decide—let us in to him.”

“God forbid!” returned Hohendorf, “for if your father knew aught of your flight, it might well bring down destruction on you both. He must be able to swear confidently that he knows nothing, and your traces must be concealed from Pappenheim.”

Hedwig looked Hohendorf steadfastly in the face at these words, and he saw in the moonlight her look of distrust.

“And should I leave my father in anxiety, in uncertainty behind; shall the daughter, relying only upon your words, fly secretly from her father?”

“You destroy him, Hedwig,” interrupted Hohendorf. “Pappenheim’s, La Croix’s vengeance would reach him if he knew of your flight, and could you deem so evil of me, who had the strength to repress the glow of passion in my own breast, in order to lead you to the arms of your betrothed.”

“Ha!” exclaimed Hedwig, and the sudden thought gave her courage, “whence Rittmeister, whence know you what threatens me?”

“I have by chance,” continued he, quietly, “overheard a conversation of the General’s with La Croix concerning you. You were to be conveyed to-morrow night to the Ursuline convent at Hildesheim. Therefore, fly, Pappenheim is my benefactor, my second father, but nothing shall withhold me from saving you. Hedwig, once more I beseech you to rely upon me.”

“I do—I do,” said she moved, and grasped his hand. “I will follow you.”

“And be silent to father and sister on the subject.”

“That too!”

“Now, then, go back quietly to the house, to-morrow morning ere ’tis light be here. I will await you at the garden-gate.”

“Farewell!” said the trembling maiden.

He did not venture to touch her hand.

“Farewell, Hedwig!” said he; and tortured by unspeakable anxiety, she re-entered the house.

Hohendorf threw himself on his horse, and galloped over to Niederdodeleben to Holk. If for many reasons he did not yield the same respect to this rough warrior which was generally conceded to him by the whole army, he yet felt compelled to honour his open character, and his courage and firmness; and as he knew that the Colonel was well disposed to him, he turned to him in this emergency. He found Holk at his entrance alone, wrapped in a wolf-skin cloak stretched in an arm-chair, with store of full and empty flasks, and the large golden beaker, a present from the Stralsunders, and which only he himself and a few of his toping companions could empty at a draught, before him. His face glowed with wine, and his little eyes gleamed fiery from under his bushy eye-

brows, he gave a dull stare as Hohendorf entered, but as soon as he recognized him, saluted him with—

“ Good even, younker ; whence comest thou so late, is the devil again loose ? and are Holk’s dragoons to have another ride on account of La Croix ? But sit thee down, and Curt,” cried he, “ another goblet and wine.”

Hohendorf seated himself. He saw at once that the Colonel had emptied his cup a little too often, and hardly knew whether to derive hope or the reverse therefrom. When excited by wine, Holk was irritable, and ready to quarrel ; but then, also, his natural good-humour was easiest moved.

“ Now, younker, tell me what is’t you wish here,” said he, when Hohendorf had emptied his cup. “ You are not on the General’s business, that I see at once, by the comfortable way in which you seat yourself, otherwise you would have stood bolt upright before me, and have told me your orders, like an oracle. I am glad, too, that you don’t come on Pappenheim’s business, for since Klosterberg, I have a grudge at him. Now, speak.”

“ Colonel Holk,” began Hohendorf, “ you were always well-inclined towards me.”

“Ay, truly, that was I; for if in thy words thou hast something of the Carthusian, thou hast ever in thy deeds shown thyself a brave soldier, and, as such, I honour ye.”

“I desire a brother soldier’s service from you.”

“Hast had a quarrel, lad? Shall it be fought on foot, or horseback—with sword, or pistol? Ha! ha! Thou wouldst fain have old Holk for thy brother in arms, and he is well content. But thou art i’ the wrong, to take him; he will only perplex the quarrel, and mix himself up in it. Now, who’s the man? tell me. I never was a Captain’s second yet; but would do somewhat, younker, for thy love. Now, who is it?”

“Colonel Holk, you are in error. I would convey somebody to the town; but there must be no word about it, and it must be kept a secret even from the General himself.”

“Without Pappenheim’s knowledge?”

“Without his learning aught of it!”

Holk set down his goblet quickly.

“Hark ye, Hohendorf; that’s against duty.

See thou to it, and get through my posts as you may. I'll not betray thee ; but if it is reported to me, Pappenheim must know it. And who is the fool so anxious to creep into yon nest ?”

“ A maiden.”

“ Sure she is more like a devil than an angel, or you would ne'er send her away ; women are well understood at your quarters.”

“ She is a young and handsome girl, the daughter of a tradesman in Magdeburg, and I wish to send her to him.”

“ Carthusian,” cried Holk ; “ and wherefore ?”

“ The General—”

“ Hark ye, young man ; you are playing a hazardous game, and I am just now not quite in trim for discussing it. Be advised, and meddle not with your General's love affairs : you'll get no thanks for it. And pray leave me out of the mess. Who is the damsel ?”

“ The Amtmann's daughter in Olvenstädt. La Croix purposes to carry her off.”

“ The knave,” cried Holk, “ has he got a finger in this pie ?”

“They wish to take the poor girl to the Ursulines.”

“To a cloister?—a Lutheran maiden!” cried Holk, jumping up. “Hohendorf, I’m with you: we must snatch the morsel from the Priests. But thou art a Papist thyself; what urges thee to this?”

“Compassion, Colonel.”

“Younker,” said Holk, laying both his hands on Hohendorf’s shoulders, while he stared in his face, “’tis not only pity, ’tis just another of thy mad vagaries, wherein I am vexed at thy folly, while I can’t help admiring thine honest heart. You like the girl, and yet would lead her to her bridegroom. Hold!” cried he, extending his hand to him; “Holk is often ready for such ventures—thou, always. I’ll stand by thee, lad; and now tell me how and what thou wilt.”

Hohendorf, pleased to find Holk so ready to help him, now imparted to him his plan; and everything was fixed between them for the morrow.

“Fear not,” said the Colonel, as he bade him adieu, “that when the wine is out, Holk

will forget his pledge : the juice of the grape
never so masters me as to rob me of my senses ;
it stirs the fire within me, but never puts it out.
And now, farewell till to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Hedwig took leave of her father that night, she was powerfully affected, sunk upon his breast, kissed his hand fervently, and watered it with her tears. Wanfried, put out by the events of the day, and hurt by Anna's strange reserve—the cause of which he knew not, had for some time past become more cordial towards his younger child, and returned her caresses more kindly than ever.

“Thou art in a singular frame to-night, my child,” said he, soothingly; “art thou not well?”

Hedwig gave an assenting nod.

“Then go to thy rest, and when thou dost

rouse me to-morrow, let it be with a happier face."

He pressed her once more to his heart, and kissed her forehead; but the girl threw her arms about him, and embraced him ardently, pressing him to her beating heart.

When she was alone with Anna, in their little chamber, the thought came strong upon her, that it might well be the last time she might ever enter the quiet little room, where hopes and fears had so oft disturbed her rest. She drew near to her sister's bed.

"Anna," said she, "thou hast for some time past withdrawn thyself coldly from me, and givest me but seldom a kindly glance, as thou wert wont to do. Tell me, have I vexed or hurt you? Seest thou, I would this day fain be reconciled—I would not that thou shouldst this night sleep at variance with me. Open thy heart—speak out—chide me, if thou wilt, but tell me wherefore, that I may be able to make amends."

Anna remained silent.

"Dear sister," besought Hedwig, "think—should it be our last hour together!"

“ Might God grant it so !” said Anna, sighing deeply.

“ Thou dost, then, wish me far from thee,” said Hedwig, hurt. “ What have I done to thee, Anna ?”

“ Thou standest between him and me.”

“ That, then, it is ? Then rest in peace, sister—I will go.”

She extinguished the lamp, and laid herself down, but slumber fled her eyelids, and the night passed wearily away. At length the church clock struck the fourth hour.

She arose softly, lighted the lamp, and when she had dressed, and cast her pelz (fur mantle) over her, she approached the bed of the sleeping Anna, regarded her once more fondly, bowed herself over, and pressed a gentle farewell kiss upon her lips. The mouth of the sleeper quivered, and a sigh broke from her breast.

“ Hedwig !” said she, as she still slept.

“ Fare thee well, Anna !” said she softly, and slipped out of the room.

As she passed her father’s sleeping-room, and through the parlour, she stopped involuntarily. How gladly would she have seen the

old man once more. She heard a low murmur within ; 'twas her father praying !

“ Oh, merciful God ! hear his prayer,” said she, gently ; and as her father finished speaking, she cast one more tearful glance towards his door, and stepped out through the back-door into the garden. Hohendorf was there awaiting her. He lifted her upon a horse which had been provided for her, and they left her father's house at a rapid trot.

“ Thank God that you held to your word,” said Hohendorf, when they had cleared the village. “ Let us hasten, if it does not distress you, and urge on our horses, so that ere the day breaks we may get beyond our posts.”

“ Whither are you leading me ?” said Hedwig. “ This is not the road to Magdeburg.”

“ Do you still doubt—still fear me ? We must pass through Diesdorf, to get to the Croats. In front of us are the pickets of Pappenheim's regiment, and Don Balthasar's cuirassiers.”

Hedwig seemed tranquillized, but an unspeakable anxiety seized upon her.

Thus they rode some distance ; and now, as they ascended the little rising ground by Dies-

dorf, they saw the watch-fires of the Croats close before them; dark forms of horses and men glided like shadows in the flickering light, and arose behind the fires, amid the darkness of the night, like dark and threatening ghosts—the grey towers of Magdeburg looming high, as if in mockery of the pigmy shadows.

They now drew near to a picket, and Hedwig could plainly discern the singular group which had appeared so ghost-like in the distance. Around a crackling fire lay the Croats, without covering or mantle to protect them, except their short jackets of skins; their horses, close at hand, to avoid injuring their masters, stretched out their heads cautiously over them towards the cheering fire. Others, again, were awake, and merrily passing the bottle. An officer of Holk's regiment, whose horse was held by a trumpeter, was leaning against a willow trunk, seemingly struggling hard against sleep, and listening eagerly as Hohendorf approached.

"Ha!" he exclaimed; "is that you, Rittmeister?" and at the word, the Croats sprung up, and prepared to mount; "we've been long expecting you. Now ride in advance," said he

to the trumpeter, as he took his horse from him, and mounted quickly, "and do as I ordered you. We will follow, Rittmeister, if it please you."

They were but a short distance from the watch-fire, when they heard horses at speed behind them, and a loud "Halt!" startled Hedwig. It was Colonel Holk, upon his Friesland *Schimmel*, who hastened after them.

"Hohendorf!" cried Holk, "I must just see if 'twas worth my while to stir from among the feathers so early. Thou wilt permit me to see the bride face to face. Kindle thy torch, youngster."

A servant sprang forward, and lighted a torch at the watch-fire; and as he held the light towards Hedwig, who would have drawn back ashamed, Hohendorf said, beseechingly:

"Draw not back; conceal not yourself. We owe much to Colonel Holk. Allow him to see your face."

And as Hedwig looked up towards him, and he beheld her Madonna-like face by the torch-light, he exclaimed:

"Truly, Max, for this maiden am I gladly

thy brother-in-arms, and not here alone, but be it where it may, I am evermore her knight. And now fare ye well. Pray for me—an old sinner as I am; and turn your gracious face to God in supplication for me; and never! oh never deny your faith! So warns you, the wild Holk.”

He turned his horse and rode off.

Hohendorf and Hedwig rode after the officer. When they had nearly overtaken him, Hohendorf reined in his horse.

“Hedwig,” said he, breaking the long silence, “whatever betides you, even in the hours of happy love, forget not the man who will ever wear your loved image in his heart until his death; and now, in this parting moment, when I see you perchance for the last time, I can no longer hide my feelings. At this latest moment, I must declare to you my unspeakable, unchanging love.” He was interrupted by the sound of trumpets. “Hark! they warn us to part! Therefore, Hedwig, in this earnest hour, I beseech you speak one word of comfort to me—part not from me coldly.”

“Hohendorf,” returned the maiden, with

feeling, "you have shown yourself so honest, so open, so tender towards me, that why should I not open my heart before you, as you have yours to me. I shall ever prize you as far as duty will allow me."

"Then may all loving angels guard you!" exclaimed Hohendorf. "Now I can leave you, comforted, for I know you will not forget me. My anticipations will not deceive me."

Here Holk's officer rode quickly up.

"All is arranged, Rittmeister. An officer of the Administrator awaits the maiden. Follow me."

They advanced a short distance, and found an officer of cavalry, with some horsemen.

"Comrade," said Hohendorf, addressing him, "may I entrust this damsel to your care, to give her over faithfully to Moritz Trausdorf?"

"He is my friend, and this damsel, as I guess, is his betrothed, the daughter of the Amtmann Wanfried."

"She is so," returned Hofendorf.

"Entrust her to me with confidence," said the Magdeburger.

"And now then," said Hohendorf, much

moved, "as I must leave you, fare ye well!" He turned his horse rapidly, and rode at full speed back to Olvenstadt, where he arrived just at the right time. It was yet dark, and no one awake in the house; he therefore put his horse in the stable, and quietly gained his chamber without being observed.

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Hedwig was first missed when the Amtmann's family assembled for breakfast, and as after awhile she did not appear, they became anxious, and sought her everywhere, but she was nowhere to be found. Her father was disconsolate; Anna was frightened at first, but quickly recovered herself.

"If Hedwig is not to be found," she quietly observed, "she has been carried off by force, and I will warrant that I discover where she is."

Even Aunt Cunegunda was quite put out, for in Hedwig she had lost her chief aid in domestic affairs. Anna, whose mind was quickly made up to every extreme, cast on her pelz, and sent to summon Hauptmann La Croix, who, surprised at this unhopèd-for good fortune, hastened to seek her.

“Whither have ye taken my sister?” was her first address.

The Hauptmann, believing that she was aware of his plot, which was to have been carried out this very day, was much embarrassed at this question, and stammered out some unconnected words.

“La Croix, I must know whither you have taken my sister, or whither you intended to take her. No vain excuse, I must know ; my duty as a daughter, my love for my sister urges me ; and more—” she stopped.

La Croix, who had, meantime, collected his faculties, asked, with a smile :

“Has, then, your sister vanished?”

“She is nowhere to be found,” replied Anna. “Since we retired to rest last night, no one has seen her.”

“Vanished ! Hedwig vanished !” exclaimed La Croix, terrified.

“La Croix,” said Anna, sternly, “reserve your cunning for others, you fool not me. Pappenheim loves Hedwig ; you are his confidant—this knavish trick is yours.”

“Anna,” said La Croix, “gleamed not your fiery eyes so fiercely on me, I should deem you

jest ; and notwithstanding your anger, I must again ask you, is Hedwig really missing ?”

“Hauptmann,” retorted Anna, perplexed by La Croix’s anxious inquiry and looks, “jest not with me. He who crosses me, meets either hate or love, gratitude or vengeance. You are too crafty not to have seen how matters are. You can surmise—can know why I would have Hedwig back and at liberty ; and now I leave you to act.”

“Anna,” said La Croix, “you are mistaken. So truly as I hold your love the dearest thing on earth, so truly have I no idea where Hedwig is !”

“Swear not by that which is not ; such oaths find little trust. Swear rather by my hate,” said Anna, with scorn.

“Even this then,” answered he ; “I will for ever deserve your hate, if I know where Hedwig has been taken. Dared I only speak openly to you, you would be convinced that her flight is as alarming to me as to you.”

“Can I believe this ?” said Anna, fixing a steady look upon La Croix.

“You may do so, Anna, for I tremble to make this news known to the General.”

“Ha!” cried the maiden: “now I am satisfied; now all is clear. *Au revoir*, La Croix,” and she hastened away.

“When Satan gave Eve the apple in Paradise,” muttered La Croix to himself, “he gave her with the fruit the gift of dissimulation and cunning; and in truth the sex has now become the serpent’s master, for it outwits even the devil’s sworn servant.”

CHAPTER XI.

PAPPENHEIM was violently incensed at the intelligence of Hedwig's flight. He believed that La Croix had in some way betrayed his projects, and vented his utmost indignation upon him. In vain did the latter assure him, by all that was sacred, that he had spoken to no one on this subject, and pledged himself to the General not to rest until he had discovered where Hedwig was concealed. Pappenheim, who had long since seen through his feelings for Anna, and his secret understanding with her, felt sure he did not err in his supposition, that through Anna his plans had been foiled.

He commanded that the Amtmann should be brought before him at once.

When this order was made known to Wanfried, it roused the old soldier in him at once. His child's misfortune had strung his nerves anew; and in his warrior's dress, his sword belted to his side, he presented himself before Pappenheim.

"Has my conduct, or that of any of my suite," demanded Pappenheim, as he entered, "urged you to send your daughter secretly from hence?"

"No, noble Sir," answered he, calmly.

"Then what has moved you to this ill-advised step?" said the General, authoritatively.

"It would seem, my Lord Field-Marshal," said the Amtmann, in reply to this singular question, "that you believe yourself, in this matter, the afflicted father's judge: had my daughter been taken hence with my will, who should prevent it? That, however, is, alas! not the case, and I stand before you to demand help and justice; for only by some of your followers could this knavish trick have been committed."

Pappenheim was at first struck by the firm, venerable demeanour of this man, at other times so quiet; but he quickly bethought himself.

“You seem to mistake me,” said he, “or you think to deceive me. Who think you would venture, without my command, to carry off a maiden upon whom I had cast an eye of favour?”

“Do you then believe,” interrupted Waffried, “that among Pappenheim’s followers there is not one so noble, or so bold, as to rob the falcon of his prey?”

“I give you an hour’s space for thought,” replied the General, violently, not apparently choosing to hear the last remark, “take measures for your daughter’s return, or dread the uttermost.”

“General,” retorted the old man proudly, “and if I knew where she was concealed; now would I, in truth, myself prevent her return? I would not lead my child into the tiger’s grasp: for the rest, I require no hour of grace, I have said my say, and waver not.”

Pappenheim rang,

“Summon Hauptmann La Croix,” he commanded the servant. La Croix appeared.

“Place this insolent in safe keeping,” cried he to the Hauptmann, “and send me Hohen-dorf and a clerk.”

After La Croix had led away Wanfried, the two entered.

“Sit down and write,” said the General, after pacing to and fro awhile.

The clerk sat down and took his pen, glancing anxiously at his superior, as he recommenced pacing the room.

“To the Hauptmann Fink von Pralens,” began Pappenheim, dictating, “My dear Hauptmann, herewith I send you a prisoner, a refractory subject, tame him after your own fashion; for the rest, remember he is my prisoner, and no report will be made of him, except to me. All here as before. To-morrow the army advances towards this from Halberstadt, and then, at length, will the dance begin.

“Yours,

“The GOTTFRIED HEINRICH,

“GRAF VON PAPPENHEIM.”

(He affixed with his own hand.)

“Dispatch this letter with the party which will immediately convey the Amtmann to Wollmirstädt,” he directed Hohendorf.

At these words, Hohendorf motioned the clerk to retire.

“General,” he begun, “may I venture to ask wherein the Amtmann has transgressed, that you place him in such stern keeping? for he who falls into Pralens’ hands does not rest on down.”

“Dost thou desire me to account to thee for my acts?” asked Pappenheim.

“Yes, my General, I do in truth desire it; for you have yourself commanded me to warn you boldly, and point out the right, when violence and passion, and the wild soldier-spirit leads you from it; and now—”

“Be silent, I command ye!” cried Pappenheim, enraged; “I weary of your everlasting lectures. Silence!” cried he again, as Hohendorf once more attempted to speak.

“I should not honour you—not love you, did I remain silent,” said the latter, paying no heed to Pappenheim’s threatening looks; “I

were even disobedient if I did so—forgetful of the duties of a son, a faithful son, towards his father; nay, I were no man, did I suffer fear to hold me back from speaking—nay, from striving for justice, and, if need be, suffering for it.”

“Now, then, I must needs forgive you, for interceding for the father of your kind-hearted sick nurse,” said Pappenheim, more calmly; “but know Hedwig is gone: no one but her father could have done this.”

“Are you so sure of that? And if ’twere so, indeed, could you blame the Amtmann? did he not right?”

“And but now,” broke out the General, “the insolent came here before me, braving my wrath.”

“The heart of an afflicted father speaks boldly out, and that you must forgive; and, therefore, do I pray you leave him until to-morrow with his family; then should you be convinced of his now but suspected guilt, do what you will, and what you will answer for to God! Leave him till to-morrow here: to-morrow Tilly will be here.”

“Who shall guarantee that in the meantime the Amtmann will not fly?”

“And would that be a misfortune, General? Has his offence, has Hedwig’s flight, aught to do with the cause of our Faith—with that of our Emperor? Will our Elector’s weal suffer thereby? No other consideration could justify such stern usage, such cruel treatment: not self-interest, surely!”

“Hohendorf!” cried Pappenheim, angrily.

The latter seized the General’s hand quickly, kissed and pressed it to his heart.

“Father,” said he, “chide not with your son. You yourself have taken him to your heart, have given a child’s rights therein—chide him not, but grant his petition.”

Pappenheim involuntarily pressed the young man to his heart.

“Thou art my better angel,” said he, “the stars have so declared it,” said he, seriously; “oft-times they lie; but more do I trust the bright stars of thine eyes, than the deceitful stars of heaven. I will see if I can restrain myself; meantime, this order to the Commandant at Wollmirstädt may remain here: thy petition is granted.”

Hohendorf warmly pressed the extended hand.

“Better do I understand thy heart, my noble father, than does the world,” said he, joyfully. “And now, if you require me not, give me leave to absent myself for some hours from this house of mourning.”

“Whither wilt thou?”

“To Niederdodeleben, to Colonel Holk.”

“What dost thou want with him?”

“To find amusement, nothing else.”

Pappenheim shook his head incredulously.

“Ride where thou wilt, I require thee no more to-day,” said he, and kindly dismissed him.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was nearly noon when Hohendorf reached Niederdodeleben; all here was still as death, only here and there a peasant ventured to look out at his window, which he would not have dared to do, if Holk's Reiters, or Saradetski's Croats had been there. Hohendorf surprised, rode to Holk's quarters, and there learned, that on account of Tilly's approach, he was holding a muster; he galloped out and found Holk still busy with his own regiment. The Croats were already on their return to quarters. The Colonel greeted him kindly.

"Bringest thou orders?" said he.

"No," replied Hohendorf.

“ Then be patient awhile.”

He took the muster-roll from the clerk's hand, and accompanied by Hohendorf, went through each rank, counted the troops, and then passed each man separately in review ; his sharp glance found much to blame, many remarks were made, and so time wore away ; at length the muster was finished.

“ You will eat with us ?” cried Holk, as he rode by, to Hohendorf, and accompanied by his Lieutenant-Colonel, returned to the village.

Hohendorf followed.

Before dinner was served, Holk was engaged with the officers of his regiment in his chamber, probably conning over the remarks that had been made, and in the meantime, Hohendorf had to wait in the dining apartment with several officers of Croats, who had also been invited ; he was most anxious to speak to Holk, and as if this day, fate was determined to prove his patience, hindrance after hindrance came in his way, and he had but little hope of speaking to Holk upon serious matters after the banquet ; all this caused him vexation, as did also the sight of the decorated table, and the large

goblets filled with the tears of the land; the banquet was an abomination to him, not only because the last and best produce of the province was here consumed, but also its own peculiar fashion; for scarcely any one rose from table sober; and always inclined on the slightest occasion to commit excesses and violence; he was excited and annoyed, he regarded these revelings as the grave of all honour and morality.

The servants now brought in the meats, and from the appearance one might well imagine one's self in a land blessed with plenty, instead of cursed and exhausted by war. All that the luxury of the time could fancy, had the inhabitants been compelled to furnish, and the table was loaded with the most costly Spanish wines; silver dishes and drinking cups as at the board of a prince glittered upon the table; not with much uniformity it is true, for from how many different towns and lands had all this pomp been plundered. Prince and merchant and tradesman had alike contributed their share; and each beaker, each dish, was a shining record of military licentiousness; at length, after a long delay, Holk and his officers entered.

“ But one word,” begged Hohendorf.

“ Rittmeister,” answered he, “ I am hungry and thirsty, the morning air is sharp, and 'tis already three hours past the usual hour of dinner. So to table, Sirs ; take your places.”

He stepped behind his chair and folded his hands in prayer, which he muttered softly to himself without turning towards those who were crossing themselves devoutly, and then seated himself ; all followed his example. And Hohendorf took his place opposite to him.

“ And now fall to, comrades,” said he ; and for the first half-hour the guests followed so diligently the invitation and example of their host that scarce a word was uttered ; but when hunger was appeased and wine had loosed their tongues, the discourse became more lively, turning chiefly upon the new Generalissimo who had come into Wallenstein's post, and now commanded both the Imperial Armies and those of the League. Holk's officers said but little on the subject, but the Croats seemed not to be over well satisfied with the change, and did not deem it altogether becoming that the Emperor's forces should be under the authority of a General of the League ; and moreover,

the Bavarian leader and his discipline were not much to their taste after the mighty Wallenstein's command, under which the soldiers were princes in the land.

Holk ate and drank and kept silence, and his officers followed his example: mayhap both their Colonel and themselves were of the same opinion with the Croats, and they were perhaps, as much devoted to Wallenstein, under whose command they had been embodied and had served, as the latter, but they were shrewd enough under the circumstances, to remain silent. Hohendorf, however, an officer of the League, and if not personally, yet as a Bavarian, devoted to Tilly, could not patiently listen to these incautious speeches.

"Sirs of Hungary," said he, addressing the Croats, "if your General who would fain bring somewhat more discipline among you, please you not, wherefore stay ye not at home? You are too well here, in our German fatherland; and when you would vaunt your Wallenstein before us, I would but beg you count the skirmishes in which he has been a victor, and they will not equal in number the battles won by Tilly."

A murmur arose.

“Basta, Sirs,” cried the deep voice of Holk. “It becomes not us to sit in judgment upon our chief. Whomsoever the Emperor sends, to him we owe obedience. Fill your beakers, gentlemen, and drop this unprofitable talk.”

He stroked his moustaches, and thrust his thick lips still forwarder than usual—a sign that he was in no jesting tune.

Hohendorf, who now began to feel *ennuyé* with the banquet, and who observed, from the lights, and fresh course of dishes now brought up, that it was late, and that it would probably last still for a long time, thought it a favourable opportunity—while conversation was at a stand, and there was a pause occasioned by the changing of the dishes—to speak a word with Holk in private. He therefore said :

“Colonel Holk, as I cannot stay till dinner is over, and must return before nightfall to the Field-Marshal, I would beg of you, while a fresh course is being served, to grant me a moment’s speech ; I need but a short time.”

Holk, to whom any interruption at his dinner was ever unwelcome, looked surly ; but after a

short hesitation, arose, and beckoned Hohendorf to follow him into an adjoining room.

“Now, Younker, tell me what thou dost desire,” asked he. “But before thou dost so, let me beg of thee, in future, to bridle thy tongue at my table. ’Tis a devilish business when men of diverse opinions are fighting for the same cause, we soldiers must be united. All must have their eyes on victory—nought else—be they Bavarians or Hungarians, Italians or Swabians, Catholics or Protestants. Their chief must suit them, so long as victory attends him; and in his eyes also must they be all alike; for death comes to one and all the same. And now, speak.”

“Colonel, my adventure of last evening has had unpleasant consequences: the maiden’s father has been arrested by the General, and has been ordered to direct his daughter’s return.”

“That is asking rather too much,” muttered Holk.

“Is it not my duty to tell the whole occurrence to the General, and get the father out of trouble?”

“ And get thyself in ? ”

“ As it pleases God ! If, therefore, you will allow me, I will just return to Olvenstädt, and take the blame upon myself.”

Holk hesitated for an instant, and then said :

“ Well, as far as I am concerned, ’tis all one to me. He may chide me for having had a hand in it, or not, as he will. Holk is still Holk, and his dragoons the best in the army. Do what thou wilt. Pick the chesnuts out of the fire for others, but don’t let my sucking-pig, which smokes outside, get cold.”

He gave him his hand.

“ Shall see you soon again,” said he ; and returned to table.

Hohendorf mounted, and rode back to Olvenstädt. The night was dark, and the north wind drove the thick snow-flakes in his face ; and neither he nor his servant could see a step before them. They, however, left their horses to find the way, and urged them rapidly forward.

They had now ridden several leagues, and were not yet at Olvenstädt, when they saw a light at a distance in front. They rode towards

it: it came from a solitary hut by a small pine wood. They called the owner, and learned from him that they were quite astray, and were yet two leagues from Olvenstädt. They took him as their guide; and it was late ere they reached the Amthouse. Here the Rittmeister found nothing but miserable faces. Aunt Cunigunda, the only one in the sitting-room, was weeping bitterly; and from her he learned that the Amtmann had been carried away at dusk. Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed towards the Field-Marshal's apartment. The chamberlain, however, refused him admittance in the most decided terms, and told him he could in no case speak to his master then; but that, if it could be managed, he would inform him.

Hohendorf remained staring vacantly at the door, which was for the first time closed against him, and appeared unwilling to depart.

"Only go now, Sir," begged the chamberlain; "if it is necessary, you shall see my Lord this evening."

"See thou to it. Then," said Hohendorf, recollecting himself, "I await you; and mind, to-day."

He then went straight to La Croix's room, to learn what had taken place while he was absent. On his entrance, he found him, still dressed, sitting before his table. He did not appear to notice his coming in.

"La Croix," cried Hohendorf, to the apparently dreaming man, who sprung suddenly up and stared at the Rittmeister with such a countenance that he started back. A grin distorted every muscle, and while the mouth was drawn into a smile, fury was gleaming from his fiery deep-set eyes.

"What ails you?" asked Hohendorf.

Softly, as if he feared the walls might hear him, crept La Croix towards Hohendorf, caught his hand and whispered in his ear—

"Let no man trust the devil if one call him, he appears but to deceive, and no pact binds him."

Hohendorf looked at him with astonishment.

"Dost not believe me, comrade?" and a screaming laughter followed the scarcely audible words—"Knowest thou who is with Pappenheim—Anna?"

“The Amtmann’s daughter?” cried Hohendorf, shocked.

“She herself, with her raven locks and glowing eyes—her—away with the deceitful serpent!—she is there to petition for her father’s liberty and pays—” and he laughed satirically, “and pays the ransom!”

“Man!” cried Hohendorf, “what is this riddle? Speak!”

“I sought this flower for myself, and deemed I might more easily obtain it when the father was away in need and wretchedness; and therefore, fool that I was, did I persuade the General, in spite of his promise to thee, to send the old man to Wollmirstädt, and as they led him away and I sought to console the maiden, she spurned me from her and flew up stairs to Pappenheim, and—is there still.”

“Scoundrel!” shouted Hohendorf, and rushed from the room.

As he entered the long passage, a female figure stepped down the winding stairs of the tower, and the chamberlain informed him that the General awaited him in half an hour.

“Good!” replied Hofendorf; “I will come. Well that it is not now.”

He paced up and down the passage, seeking vainly to calm his agitation, and ere the allotted time had elapsed, he entered Pappenheim's chamber. He found him sitting in an arm-chair, wrapped in his sheepskin pelz, with a silver basin containing broth before him.

"What will'st thou so late, Maximilian?" said he, continuing to eat, without looking up.

Hohendorf stood motionless before him. He would have spoken, but his heart was full even to bursting.

"Well?" said Pappenheim, looking up.

"I have much, very much to say to you," said Hohendorf at length; "and firstly, to confess a fault."

Pappenheim listened attentively.

"I took Hedwig from her father's house."

"Thou!" asked the General, astonished, but appearing far more indifferent than Hohendorf had expected, and now even hoped to find him. "And thou kept this concealed from me?"

Hohendorf remained silent.

"What moved thee thereto?" continued Pappenheim.

"My love to the maiden; my respect for you."

Pappenheim sprung up.

“Yes, General,” said Hohendorf, with the dignity of honourable feeling; “not alone from love to her, but also from love to thee did I take Hedwig hence, that this blot might not tarnish the brightness of your fame, might not make you resemble a *La Croix*!”

“Boy!” cried Pappenheim, while the cross swords upon his forehead (a mark which he had from his birth, and was only to be seen when he was excited by passion) became visible.

“Ay, truly I am a foolish boy,” replied Hohendorf, “for deeming that I could unloose the knot of fate, could arrest with powerful arm its course, while I could not even for a day rescue the man I loved and honoured from the tempter’s snare. In seeking to protect the one I have destroyed the other, and have achieved nought for your soul’s weal—nought for your honour, for your fame! All—all my toil has been in vain!”

Although Pappenheim was accustomed sometimes to a disapproving word from his favourite, yet was this tone a little too bold; and though his regard for the young man, and his convic-

tion that he was right, was Hohendorf's defence, his pride was too deeply touched. He cast upon him one of those haughty glances with which with irresistible force he was wont to level all subordinate spirits before him, and stood confronting him full of rage, his glowing eye fixed darkly on the young man, who met him with a sorrowing but firm look, and without trembling.

"Yes," said Hohendorf at length, and his feelings found utterance, "as a father have I loved you, honoured you as the first of men—have blotted from my heart the wild and reckless stains of your character, and in the warrior I have seen the hero, not the man. 'Twas for that my feeble word so oft was raised to you from a heart full of love; and if you heard me, and I could awaken in your iron breast the soft feelings of humanity, then did I indeed believe that heaven had sent me to you, to touch the tender strings of your heart, that their tones might not altogether slumber. Yes, my General, only because I believed to bring about good have I conveyed Hedwig hence; and by my God I swear, that had I hated as much as I

have loved the maiden, I would have borne her hence, to save the brightness of your honour!"

"Whither hast thou conveyed her?" said the General, somewhat softened by the feeling tone of Hohendorf.

"Would you know this too? is not one victim enough?" returned he, in a tone which made even Pappenheim shrink. "Were the next hour my death," continued he, "did you torture and torment me, you should learn nought as to where I took her, for you are the very slave of passion. Suffer me also to remind you of your given word (and Pappenheim's word was ne'er yet broken) not to send the old man to Wollmirstädt before to-morrow. Yet have you sent him there. I beseech you let him return to his family."

"That shall he," replied Pappenheim, earnestly. "La Croix believed that he had the most undoubted proofs of his complicity with his daughter's flight, and there were besides some signs which seemed to render him suspected of a secret correspondence with Magdeburg. I followed La Croix—"

"Oh, never follow him!" exclaimed Hohen-

dorf, bitterly. "Fear him as your enemy, from this day forth as your bitterest foe!"

"What shall I understand by that?" asked Pappenheim, with inquiring looks.

"Think on Anna!" answered Hohendorf, and turned away.

Pappenheim seemed shaken, looked down darkly, and appeared to undergo an inward struggle; but he quickly raised his head again, as if ashamed of his feelings.

"Thou and my fool," said he, sternly, but not contemptuously, "have until now possessed the privilege of speaking the truth to me at all times unchecked; from this day thou art quit of this office. Good night." He turned from him and entered his sleeping room.

"I have not deserved that," said Hohendorf, much pained. "I meant it well with him; I hoped to blot out his fault. Well, as God wills it! I acted right. Let him chide me, let him spurn me from him. I will go. I can only commend him to my God."

The following morning all was astir at Olvenstädt; the soldiery were expecting Tilly, who, with the regiments collected at Halberstadt, was

to arrive this day before Magdeburg, The inhabitants of the Amt-house were also expecting the Amtmann, who had been released from arrest, and was on his return from Wollmirstädt.

In kitchen and cellar all was busy. Aunt Cunegunda had prepared a more savoury meal than usual for the welcome of her brother ; whilst Anna, her head leaned upon her arm, sat in her accustomed place by the window.

As Hauptmann La Croix entered, she looked up, and a purple blush overspread her face as she saw his satanic smile.

“ You resemble not your sister,” said he, with cold calmness ; “ when the cold wind nips the roses, they fade and grow pale ; you glow.”

Anna glanced at him on hearing these words with the pride of a queen ; smiled however contemptuously, and sank back into her former position.

“ Somewhat too much of pride for to-day, maiden,” said he, with a sneering laugh, “ yesterday it had been better timed.”

Anna answered him not.

“ You seem purposely to misunderstand me,” continued he ; “ shall I speak plainer ?”

"Speak whatever, and as much as you please," returned she, with the most cutting coldness, "but remember, that for every word, you will have account to render to your master, Count Pappenheim, as well as to me, who possess quite courage enough to call you to a reckoning."

Just now Hohendorf entered the room.

"Look at this man," retorted he, pointing significantly at Hohendorf; "only regard him, what I would say to you, speaks in his eye, hovers about his mouth; but yet more plainly than I could say it. Farewell!" he turned his back on her and went out.

Anna involuntarily looked up as La Croix went out. She shook as she saw Hohendorf's face. Earnest sympathy was in his eye, his mouth wore the expression of deep grief; he regarded her as an angel of mercy might a fallen brother.

"Sister of Hedwig," said he, with feeling, "can the hand of a friend yet avail to save you—give me yours? if it is too late, may God have mercy upon you."

She arose and would have spoken, but tears choked her utterance, and she hurried from the room.

“Where the stern power of Fate prevails,” said Hohendorf sadly to himself, “Man’s efforts are in vain. Whither it calls him he needs must follow, should not God above protect him and keep him in the right way, or send His angel to his aid. She, the loveliest picture of joy and happiness, even she is its victim.”

He heard the General descend the stairs, saw him mount his horse and gallop off followed by his staff.

“This day has he commanded me to stay behind, he required me not,” said he, to himself. “Well, good! then will I up and visit Meister Klaus, the fool, and gossip away the hours in his chamber, oft-times we understand each other.”

As he was leaving the room he saw the Amtmann ride up with two horsemen, and went to meet him and welcome him kindly back, but Wanfried seemed scarce to heed it; his short abode in Wollmirstädt appeared to have broken his spirits, and his speedy relief from arrest had not restored him; his anxiety regarding Hedwig’s disappearance sat like a nightmare upon his breast.

“Where is Anna?” asked he, as he entered, as if he feared that she also might have been taken from him.

“She was here but now,” said Hohendorf.

“And no one here to receive me,” said the old man, hurt.

“No one here but myself, Herr Wanfried,” said the Rittmeister, “but I am also here as the bearer of good news.”

“For me?” asked the old man, “good news for me? and now then.”

“I can give you intelligence of Hedwig.”

“Where is she?” exclaimed the old man, eagerly.

“In Magdeburg, with the parents of her betrothed.”

Wanfried drew a deep breath, he felt as if a heavy burden had been rolled from off his heart.

“God be thanked!” said he, “how came she there? and why did she desert her father’s house?”

“Inquire no further, and keep the account a secret. Trust my words and be a man, whatever may befall you farther.”

At this moment Anna rushed in, fell upon

her father's neck, and ardently embraced him.

"The blessing of the Lord," said the old man, deeply shaken, laying his hand on Anna's head, "the blessing of the Lord be upon thee—thou hast bowed thy proud head and interceded for thy father and hast freed him. God's blessing on you, my pious child; ne'er would Hedwig have acted thus for me."

"No, father," said she, deeply moved, "thus indeed she would ne'er have acted," and shrinking together she bowed her head, and embraced her father's knees, but no tears broke forth.

"Stand up, my child," cried he, in terror. She stood up, collected herself, extended her hand to her father with a sympathising, but proud glance, and as she went out, uttered softly :

"Oh, my God, hear my prayer!"

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL Magdeburg was still wrapped in deep slumber when Hedwig was conveyed to the house of her betrothed's parents by the Administrator's officer. She found it closed; all were sleeping, and no dream warned the slumberers of their approaching happiness. When they were awakened, they welcomed their beloved guest with much surprise. Moritz Trausdorf could scarcely realize the happiness—could scarcely believe that it was indeed the being, whom in this time of suffering he regarded as an angel. They gave her a kindly welcome, and the good old mother, with a delighted heart, quickly made all the arrangements necessary for her comfort.

It was a worthy family which she was now entering, and for the future it was to be her home. The mother, who was once the trusted friend of her own loved parent, was a quiet, simple minded, domestic being. The father was an honest tradesman, old-fashioned in manner, simple in his habits, straightforward in business, thrifty and substantial. Moritz, his only son, was a gentle, quiet man, neither liberally endowed by nature, or the reverse; he was just one of those individuals who possess just the sufficient degree of energy to enable them to conduct themselves well in the narrow sphere of their immediate connections, and who always feel abroad when they get beyond it. Tender-hearted and pious, he knew but one passion—love to Hedwig.

Hedwig's mother, on her death-bed, had expressed a wish that one of her daughters should marry the son of her friend. The Amtmann honouring this wish as a law, determined to fulfil it; and as the more masculine-minded Anna decidedly refused, the quiet and more yielding Hedwig consented, without repugnance, it is true, but also without any

particular affection for the young man. From the moment in which she regarded him as the future partner of her life, she endeavoured to bring out all his good qualities, and he had many; and much as she regretted his want of manly energy and too gentle disposition, she never reproached him on account of it. She felt not unhappy at the thought of becoming Moritz Trausdorf's wife, but the feelings of her heart were not engaged; duty, not love, bound her to him. Then she saw Hohendorf; and whilst he slumbered on his bed of sickness, and Hedwig sometimes, wearied with the night-watching, closed her eyes, visions and pleasing dreams would flit before her imagination; and when she awakened, and beheld the pale young sufferer, disadvantageous comparisons, which she could not avoid, forced themselves upon her mind; but she strove bravely against the feelings of her heart, and true to her word, went to the home of the parents of her betrothed, rejoicing that she had repelled the tempter. The affection which met her on all sides; the solicitude every one showed to fulfil her lightest wish; the attention, respect, and tenderness with

which Moritz treated her, did her heart good. She felt that it did so. Gratitude made duty lighter, and each day taught her to value Moritz more; for it was in his small domestic circle that he ever appeared to the best advantage, and moved with least restraint. True, she often thought of Hohendorf: she felt that her high regard for this noble, high-minded young man could be diminished neither by time or distance; but the chasm which divided them, the duty which held her fast, in some sort veiled his picture from her eyes. She also thought with much anxiety of her father; she was grieved to think what his distress about her would be; but she hoped that Hohendorf, in compassion for his sorrow, would give him news of her. She also felt anxious about Anna; she feared her enthusiasm, and La Croix's villany.

In the town itself she found little to comfort her. Their few acquaintances lived all in anxious expectation of ill, and busied themselves in filling cellars and stores, to provide against want during the approaching siege, which now, from the near neighbourhood of Tilly's army, seemed inevitable: moreover, the

temper of the citizens was not tranquillising. The Administrator, Christian Wilhelm, Markgrave of Brandenburg, who, with some thousands of soldiers, had thrown himself into the city for its defence, was a fiery soldier, ready for anything—good, enterprising, and brave—but he was wanting in firmness of spirit and constancy of purpose, and also in the inspiring bearing that has its weight with the multitude; his continual vacillation prevented his gaining the confidence of the more considerable citizens, and he found but little support from them. The Swedish Commandant, sent by Gustavus Adolphus, Colonel Falkenberg had to contend ever against the bad will of the citizens, and their aversion to fighting. To them the soldiers were an abomination; they would do nothing to lighten their duties, and allowed them to starve, and refused to open their stores for their use. The garrison lay in the Neustadt and Sudenburg, for the citizens in the old town refused to receive them there. There was also a strong Imperial party in the council itself, and John Alleman, an ex-counsellor of Magdeburg, actually ac-

accompanied Tilly to the siege of his birth-place.

Under such circumstances, much resistance on the part of the town was not to be expected, for the garrison, leaving out the armed citizens, consisted of barely three thousand men ; nor did the confidence now exist which had animated them eighty years before, when the Elector Morice of Saxony and Albert Margrave of Brandenburg lay before the town. Such a heroic defence was not again to be looked for ; the inhabitants were quite aware of this, and the general feeling was not joyous. Hedwig, therefore, could find comfort only in her own heart, nor could she divest herself of her anxiety regarding her father ; but she lived calmly and quietly in the home of her future parents, and accustomed herself more each day to the idea of becoming Moritz Trausdorf's wife.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the same day wherein the Amtmann had returned home from his arrest in Wollmirstädt, Tilly arrived before Magdeburg. Pappenheim was in some degree rejoiced to see Tilly again in the field, as he hoped that now at length some serious measures would be adopted against this nest of heretics, as he called the town. The Commander-in-Chief had fixed his head-quarters at Wanzleben, and had summoned the superior officers there, in order to make the necessary arrangements with them. Here Pappenheim found assembled the Imperial Field-Marshal Count Ernest von Mansfeld; the General of Artillery Schönburg;

Erwitte, General of Cavalry in the Army of the League ; and Count von Gronsfeld, the Imperial General of Cavalry Kraz ; and the Croat Colonel Isolani, with the Commissary-Generals Ruep and Lerchenfeld, all men more or less known in the sanguinary records of the Thirty Years' War. Pappenheim met many friends amongst them, but also some opponents. Erwitte was his devoted friend. Gronsfeld, who commanded the infantry of the League, could not repress his envy at always finding himself subordinate to a General, whom he believed himself more than once to have extricated from embarrassment by his advice. Mannsfeld had long nourished a decided dislike of Pappenheim ; of equal military rank, they were at continual strife, as to who should command, and who obey. Isolani, the child of fortune, a true dependant of Wallenstein, like all the officers who had served under the Friedlander, disliked the cautious Tilly, and therefore devoted themselves to Pappenheim, in whose bold spirit they found more resemblance to their old commander, than in the reserve of Tilly.

Schönburg was a creature of Tilly's, and

General Kraz was too crafty not to be well with both. Minds were in this state; Tilly saw through them all. Nothing escaped this keen observer, and that cold, mysterious calmness, the stern, serious reserve, that amounted in him even to the hauteur of a Spanish grandee, did not prevent his active mind from following and detecting all the various intrigues which arose in the army, over which he was placed. On Pappenheim's entrance, he received him with the most marked courtesy, and with the high respect which he gladly awarded to the brave soldier, and the enterprising Commander.

On this day, a kind of ironical smile played about his compressed lips; and while he was speaking, he stroked the long beard hanging from his pointed chin several times with his left hand—a sign that something was passing in his mind. There he stood, a singular figure, between the gigantic Erwitte and the powerful, athletic Schönburg; his little meagre body was clothed in a slashed Spanish doublet of bright green satin, with wide breeches of the same stuff and colour, the high-pointed hat,

which he seldom laid aside, and from which a broad red feather hung down his narrow back, covered his grey head, and the broad sword-belt, embroidered with gold, with the long Spanish rapier by his side, gave the old Septuagenarian a peculiar appearance among that martial crowd; but when one remembered the number of victories won by this little man, when one considered that this unpleasant-looking compressed mouth had often pronounced the fate of whole provinces, that the glance of these glistening eyes had often inspired terror among the Princes of Germany, and that this little insignificant figure, decked out in an almost theatrical costume, and sitting upon a small grey *Schimmel*, had been followed with confidence to victory by so many thousands of brave soldiers, a kind of awe and dread fell upon the boldest at his glance; and in this little man was beheld the scourge of Germany, the bugbear of its Princes, and the sword of the Catholic faith.

After Pappenheim had made him acquainted with all that had occurred, and given him every information regarding Magdeburg, Tilly

drew him into a recess of a window, whither at a sign from him Count Gronsfeld alone followed. Pappenheim, who knew Tilly well, saw at once that he had some fault to find, and was upon his guard, for the satirical smile was still working about Tilly's mouth.

"Do you yet remember, Field-Marshal," he commenced (after a short indifferent conversation, and as if perchance), "do you yet remember our conference at the New Council-house at Hameln, when we were deliberating whether we should commence our operations against Magdeburg or no? Count Gronsfeld was present."

"I remember it well," said Pappenheim seriously; "remember every word of it."

"You then," continued Tilly, "desired of me two thousand horse and two thousand foot, as a sufficient force to take Magdeburg by storm. I gave ye three thousand foot, at the same time warning you that Magdeburg's walls were strong, and the soldiers of the Administrator no peasants, as on the Ems. You see, Field-Marshal, I was right: Magdeburg still stands, and you are yet before it."

“By the strict commands of his Highness of Bavaria, your master and mine,” replied he, indifferently, “I remained inactive, or Pappenheim had redeemed his pledge. However, you are now Imperial Generalissimo, and the troops of the League also yield obedience to you.”

He bowed and withdrew into the circle of generals.

“Your Grace of Holstein,” cried he, “Colonel Holk Benninghausen, and the rest of you, Sirs, who have followed me, I pray you return with me to camp forthwith; there is work for us.”

Tilly had followed him.

“Why break ye up so hurriedly, Count Pappenheim?” he asked, sternly. “I bid ye here to consult regarding our future operations. What will ye now in camp?”

“Redeem my pledge. Take Magdeburg by storm,” he exclaimed, with vehemence.

This speech went through the assembly like an electric flash, and they regarded each other with astonished looks. Tilly alone smiled quietly.

“Were this to have been done, Count Pappenheim, I would have given you a decided order on the point,” said he, with dignity. “In my eyes, the soldiers of the Emperor and the League have more worth than that I should give them up to unprofitable slaughter. Have the kindness, Field-Marshal, to follow me ;” he gave Pappenheim his hand, and led him into an adjoining apartment.

When they were here alone :

“Count Pappenheim,” he said, and his countenance expressed mingled seriousness and kindness, “you have not stood the proof. Listen to me, and I pray you not to interrupt me. Among all my subordinate commanders, you are the bravest and most clear-sighted, and you are the only one who, should it please God to remove me or should the burden of command become too weighty for my age, can supply my place at the head of the Catholic armies, for in you naught of the commander is wanting save calm consideration and reflection ; and yet again you strive for yourself, your glory—not for your Lord, not for the faith alone ; a word, an occurrence, that excites you, gives the destiny of the

army entrusted to you to chance. How great a man would you be were you master of yourself, did not passion carry you away, and were not your own fermenting blood the bitterest enemy of your cooler judgment. You are my pupil. Since the fight at Prague have you followed my victories, have been formed a soldier in my school, and in enterprising courage have outdone your master. Now I yield this glory to you, for only then does his laurel wreath deck the commander's thinly-covered head aright, when 'tis interwoven with ripe judgment. I honour ye, I love ye too, the latter more than ye do me, that I well know. The old Tilly is too cautious for ye, ye deem he fears to lose the laurels, which you pant to grasp, and therefore he is in your way ; but tranquillise yourself, full soon will time demand his tribute, and you will be quit of your old General, perchance supply his place. See that you then fill it as gloriously as he has done. I am now about to proceed with ten thousand men to Frankfort, to bring aid to Tiefenbach, the rest of the army will remain here before Magdeburg. I, therefore, would ask you, do ye know its position? have

you well considered the difficulties which will meet you here? have you well weighed them? For this did I refer to our conference at Hameln. Your impetuous passion, which had, perchance, to-morrow led to the useless sacrifice of thousands, has convinced me that I cannot advance against the King of Sweden, with a mind at ease; and that grieves me."

He ceased, and regarded Pappenheim searchingly with his fiery eyes. Whilst Tilly was speaking, the latter had been in constant strife with himself.

"Lieutenant-General," said he, now taking up the discourse, "what you have said to me I can only regard as spoken by a father to his son, and therefore I will believe that it was the father's mind that spoke, and will not wrangle with my old General and instructor; and I cannot but confess I find but too much truth in what you say, but must, however rejoin to it, that, had Alexander at the Granicus, considered instead of acting, he ne'er had conquered Persia's crown: great deeds propose themselves to the bold unfettered spirit alone. 'Tis possible," continued he, and his brow clouded, and

the cross-swords showed themselves, "'tis possible, that did not my fire too often lead me into rashness, I should have a virtue the more befitting a commander. 'Tis possible that my glory, my honour, stand before all with me; but if you are convinced of that, Count Tilly, if you indeed wish me to fight under your banners for the faith, then do, I pray you, in future to spare me these hard proofs, rather rely upon your quicksightedness, that seems so well to know me, t'will render all such proofs superfluous, and show you full clearly how to prize me right..'

"Field-Marshal," interrupted Tilly, for Pappenheim seemed getting heated, while every trace of excitement had vanished from Tilly's face, and the stern, earnest expression of command alone remained, "Field-Marshal, as soon as I have marched towards the Oder, you will proceed with the troops which are already under your orders (excepting Benninghausen's Cuirassiers), together with the regiments Gronsfeld and Rainach, and the Cuirassiers of Erwitte and Blankart, to the right bank of the Elbe. Count Mannsfeld will remain on the left bank with the

rest. Let the necessary artillery be brought to you from Wolfenbüttel."

"And who commands before Magdeburg in your absence?" said Pappenheim.

"On the left bank of the Elbe, Count Mannsfeld; on the right, yourself."

Pappenheim bowed, and remained silent.

Tilly re-entered the room where the officers were assembled. To Count Pappenheim he begun, as he entered the circle :

"Have I made known my will? You, Count Mannsfeld, will receive your particular orders in writing. The Imperial Infantry regiments and Benninghausen's Cuirassiers will hold themselves in readiness for a further march. To you, ye Croats, and to you also, Colonel Holk, I recommend good discipline, and that on my return I find not empty quarters, but all things ready for my soldiers' wants. And now do I bid ye all a hearty welcome, my old soldier comrades of the League, as well as those entrusted to me by the Emperor's Majesty, and particularly your princely Highness of Holstein." He walked round the circle greeting each individual courteously.

Holk and Isolani alone seemed dissatisfied

with their reception, and with the words: "To-morrow then, at the general review, we shall meet again," he dismissed them. Count Pappenheim and Count Mannsfeld alone remained with, him, some time longer, discussing the subject of the blockade of the town.

CHAPTER XV.

PAPPENHEIM returned to Olvenstädt out of temper. On these occasions, Hohendorf, had till now been his confidant, but he had repelled him now, and his pride did not allow him to make advances to the young man. The only other of his officers to whom he in any degree gave his confidence, was La Croix ; but Hohendorf's warning and a short space of mature reflection had much contributed to weaken this confidence, which as yet, it is true, he had only shown him in a limited degree and in certain points ; La Croix's presence was now offensive to him.

Anna had awaited Pappenheim's return impatiently. On entering the apartment below for

a moment, he greeted the Amtmann kindly, and apologized for his passion, which had alone caused his arrest; appeared not to notice Hohendorf, who was standing with Anna in the window, while he approached her with a kindly and obliging manner he had never before shown. Anna's eyes beamed with happiness, the few words addressed to her by Pappenheim seemed to have given her great pleasure, the low words which he whispered in her ear sent the blood to her cheeks, and she met with contempt the malicious glances which La Croix at that moment aimed at her.

Pappenheim did not remain long in their circle, he spoke some further words with her father, and also Cunegunda rejoiced in the honour of his notice, and he seemed as if to-day he would fain make good the wrong he had done. Old Wanfried, however, shook his head doubtfully, and did not seem much delighted with this condescension, and paced the room in an uneasy manner, when Pappenheim had left it. Hohendorf strove in vain to amuse him, and when Anna at length drew near with a few kind words, he regarded her with an ambiguous

look, returned no answer, and went abruptly into his bed-room, where he shut himself in.

Hohendorf was alone with Anna, La Croix had followed the General, and Aunt Cunegunda was busied without with domestic matters. The Rittmeister was standing at the window looking out into the starry night, while his thoughts turned upon Hedwig. Anna sat leaning her head upon her hand, and looking straight before her. Dead silence prevailed. Suddenly Anna rose.

“Rittmeister Hohendorf,” said she, “I think La Croix is to be feared.”

Hohendorf looked surprised, but did not reply.

“I believe him to be a bad man,” pursued she.

“How does that affect you?” returned Hohendorf.

“A devilish spirit, one who with cutting sneer and icy touch would crush the troubled heart.”

“Guard your heart from him then,” said he, with apparent indifference.

“I will guard my heart against him,” said

she, confidently ; " but can I do so against the venom which he secretly distils."

" A pure spirit is invulnerable," said Hohendorf, earnestly.

" A pure spirit ! Man," cried she, " I believed that the gentleness of the dove was there, and therefore left thee to my sister, for I love not this dove-like nature even in a woman, far less in a man ; but I see your sex is every where like the bird of prey."

" To what tends this talk ?" interrupted Hohendorf : " would you provoke me to touch strings, which can only give back tuneless notes ; or is it that you would excite me to a mood like your own, which can at once exult in joy and cry out for pain ; which stands at the gate of hell and fancies heaven is opening to it. Neither of these things would profit us ; better then break off this discourse which disturbed me in my thoughts on Hedwig—the pure, the stainless Hedwig, since she left you, your guardian angel has deserted you. Good night, Anna."

She laughed bitterly as the door closed behind him.

“At the goal of my wishes,” exclaimed she sadly. “Yes, I am so, he is right; and yet I am not happy.”

* * * * *

Meantime La Croix was pacing his chamber impatiently. Pappenheim had given him orders to proceed as quickly as possible to Wolfenbüttel, to make there the necessary arrangements for the transport of the heavy ordnance required for the siege. It was clear to him why he was sent at this moment, and like a wayward boy, he stamped and clenched his hand fiercely.

“In this, however, I have comfort,” said he, with a wicked laugh; “that I was not the fool to hang my heart upon a man who can so readily wound his friends; that I bound my fortune to this madman and his luck, not from affection, but from mere self-interest; not like that senseless boy Hohendorf, devoting my love to a man who regards human happiness as a mere speculation, and human life only as the steps of the ladder by which he mounts to fortune. That thou hast used me thus, high-soaring Pappenheim, ye shall repent.” Whilst

still pacing to and fro, he heard a door creak in the passage leading to Hohendorf's room.

"Hast thou yet concluded thy sermon, holy man," said he with a sneer; "thou would'st make a Magdalene of this sinner. She grasps with a strong hand at all, and at sin the closest; I would fain see, though if the pious man, now that he is banished from his saint, is as true in his adoration as formerly. I must stir this fire, ere yet its sparks expire;" he went to Hohendorf's room.

"Wherefore did you not accompany us to day, to Tilly's head-quarters, Hohendorf?" asked he on entering, with affected sympathy.

"Because I was ordered to remain here," said the other coldly.

"The General seems displeased with you."

"Very possibly."

"And wherefore?"

Hohendorf began to undress in silence.

"Since the damsel Hedwig's flight," pursued La Croix, "Pappenheim seems snappish. You have had to pay for it, and in truth I believe no one suffers more from it than yourself."

"That concerns not thee," replied Hohendorf, somewhat sternly.

"Pappenheim," continued La Croix, "knows how to indemnify himself. If not Rachel, 'tis Leah. He is angry with you about Hedwig and me he sends to Wolfenbüttel on account of Anna."

"Therein he does right," returned Hohendorf.

"How mean you?" asked La Croix.

"You understand me without explanation," answered Hohendorf carelessly; "and pray excuse me if I beg you to leave me, 'tis time to go to rest."

"Know you where Anna is?" asked the Hauptmann, without being put out by Hohendorf's last speech.

He received no answer.

"Do you know, or will you rather not know, Hauptmann La Croix," Hohendorf began, "we are not friends, and never shall be. Why this pertinacity which is irksome to me? wherefore unveil matters to me of which I would fain be ignorant; moreover, if I understand you aright, you seem to fear to lose what

never has been, never will be yours. Go to thy bed, and leave me in peace."

"And dost thou think," cried La Croix, apparently under the influence of his thrice seven drops, "dost thou think, young man, so grossly to insult a tried soldier with impunity, as to show him the door? dost think my sword is not sharp enough to tame a saucy tongue? Another word, and I seek to-morrow satisfaction in thy blood."

"Get to thy bed, and leave me in peace," repeated Hohendorf, "Thou shalt have satisfaction whenever thou dost desire it," and so saying, he turned his back on him and entered his bed-room.

"Boy," cried La Croix, "to-morrow shalt thou bleed for thy scorn." He returned to his chamber, but if the coming day were to see his luck desert him, as this night sleep fled his eyes, his revenge looked but badly: restlessness and jealousy drove him from his bed, and he wrapped himself in a cloak and crept along the passage, where the sentries at Pappenheim's door recognised him and let him pass unquestioned. He turned towards the winding stair

which led from the sleeping-rooms to the floor beneath, and here he sat himself down on the lowest step, while a thousand conflicting thoughts tormented him. All his bad passions were aroused, and here he lay like a tiger lurking for his prey. The only pleasing thought was that to-morrow he should be revenged on Hohendorf; for as he himself was proof against cut and stab, he felt certain that his opponent would fall before his sword; and as Pappenheim had withdrawn his favour from Hohendorf, he had on this point nothing to fear. But what small comfort was this one consoling thought. His journey to Wolfenbüttel pained him more than all; his senseless jealousy, which now kept him upon the cold steps, made his separation from Anna so bitter, that t'was hell to think upon it. At length, after much inward strife, a lighter thought arose, and the hope that in this journey he might perchance obtain what he so ardently sought for, in some sort comforted him. He resolved to take the old Reiter of Holk's with him as his escort to Wolfenbüttel, and in company with him visit the Jäger of the Harz, whom he firmly believed to be either the wild huntsman himself,

or at least one initiated in the mysteries of the fiend ; he would not only get made proof against wounds by the sale of his soul, but was in hopes of thereby also gaining other secrets—secrets which would teach him how to make Anna his own, and to revenge himself on Pappenheim.

Amid these dreams, which he painted in their gayest colours, weariness overpowered him, and he slept ; and thus the witching midnight-hour passed over him, and only as the tower clock struck three did a noise awaken him. He heard steps approaching, and as he raised his eyes he saw a white figure, with loose and fluttering hair, disturbed looks, and bearing a lamp, descend the steps, and as it neared him beheld Anna. He had expected this ; and yet a cold shudder came over him, as he looked upon her ghastly appearance by the pale light—her flowing hair rolling wildly over neck and shoulders, the glowing eyes affrighted him, and not until she stood close before him did he arise. She perceived him, uttered a cry, dropped the lamp and disappeared.

“Also the extasy,” cried he, gnashing his teeth, “also the extasy of seeing the proud one humiliated before me, also this does fate deny

me ; 'tis well, and now let my life's future course point out the way to vengeance—from henceforth t'is devoted to that alone. I were a fool longer to torture myself, rather let me extract honey from the poisoned cup itself ; therefore thou raging, seething, blood flow calmly, coldly, cold as the north wind whistling through these clefts.”

He returned to his chamber, and passed the remainder of the hours of darkness in revolving various devilish schemes.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH the first dawn of day La Croix stood at Hohendorf's bed-side, and awakened him.

"I grieve," said he, "to be compelled to rouse you from your soft slumbers, but I have to accompany the Field-Marshal, and have but little time, and therefore must beg of you to arise. The early dawn is better for every work. In the pine thicket, behind the garden, I will await you with a friend."

"I will not let you wait long," replied Hohendorf. "Without helm or breast-plate?"

"Without either," answered La Croix, and left him.

On returning to his chamber, he examined

the edge and point of his long Spanish sword, and taking the flask which he had not yet returned to the old Reiter, he looked at it ; it still contained enough to conclude many a covenant with Satan, and he was almost tempted again to try the bitter essence, and thus make his assurance doubly strong ; but he remembered the storm of Klosterberg, and his confidence returned. He dressed himself, and put a thick elk-skin doublet underneath his ordinary leather one, and put on his hat with the green feather, and which was secured inside by an iron cross : fetched his brother-in-arms, and so accompanied went to the pine thicket.

He found Hohendorf already here, but alone.

“ You seem to take this matter very lightly,” said La Croix, after saluting him, “ in coming thus without a friend to the rendezvous.”

“ No lighter than I thought it deserved,” answered the Rittmeister. “ I would not keep you waiting, and believe my presence is sufficient.”

“ Then know,” cried La Croix, “ this matter hangs upon an old grudge, and so deep-seated

in the heart, that there the sword's point must search it out ; therefore, for life or death."

"As you will," replied Hohendorf—drew his sword, and placed himself, with so much calmness, opposite La Croix, that the latter very nearly forgot both drops and covenant as he looked at him.

La Croix's assault was furious : he pressed on Hohendorf like one who sought death ; the latter defended himself with coolness.

"La Croix," cried he at length, "you expose yourself fearfully, have a care : lest I am tempted to profit by it."

"Coward," cried the Hauptmann, but in an instant his sword flew far from him ; and ere he could recover it, Hohendorf's was again in its scabbard.

"Halt," cried he to La Croix, who would again have attacked him.

"Halt," cried also the Hauptmann's friend, catching hold of him. "You have fought like a madman who seeks death, the Rittmeister like a man who has compassion on the madness of his enemy. Your life was oftentimes in his power ; you have been disarmed, the duel is at an end."

“He ! my life in his hand !” shouted La Croix, laughing loud in his fury, “ye fools !”

“If you are so very anxious to renew the duel,” said Hohendorf, “I am ready,” and he drew afresh.

“No,” said La Croix’s friend, joining in the conversation, “for this day, at least, the affair is at an end.”

“As you will,” said La Croix after some thought, “let the combat be adjourned for to-day, but ’tis not ended. I thank you for your trouble,” said he, turning to his friend, and went with a bitter laugh towards the Amt-house.

Hohendorf followed. As he passed by the General’s apartment, Pappenheim came out. Hohendorf bowed respectfully, the General stood still, and seemed to expect the Rittmeister to address him ; the latter looked at him modestly and beseechingly, but remained silent ; and Pappenheim seeing his favourite standing thus before him, forgot his grudge, and extended his hand to him, which Hohendorf seized and pressed to his lips.

“Thou wilt accompany me then, when the Generalissimo comes ?” said he kindly.

Hohendorf assented, the reconciliation was complete.

Anna was sitting in deep meditation at the window of the sitting-room, when La Croix entered with a contemptuous air; he wished after the singular scene of the past night, to humble Anna by his cool scorn, he would not allude to what had passed by a single word, but as if contempt had stifled every other feeling, he sought to humiliate the proud damsel by his appearance of indifference. She had looked up on his entrance, and returned his cold salute, if possibly more coldly still; but though alone with him, she seemed in no way disconcerted, but worked at her net, and gave herself no farther trouble about him. She appeared not even to see the sneering smile with which he regarded her, and he felt himself obliged either to leave the room, or silently await Tilly's arrival, who, to his satisfaction, did not keep him long.

A Reiter galloped in advance to announce his coming, and Anna, who had until now sat in silent meditation at the window, sprang up at the intelligence, in order to see the hero, whose reputation Fame had in

various ways spread through all Germany. Her lively imagination had pictured him to her mind as a tall, venerable man, whose silver hair still fell in heavy locks over his shoulders. Simple and majestic as a warrior-god, a little meagre man upon a small horse rode in, who was half covered by the large drooping feather behind, and by his broad swordbelt in front. How noble and majestic appeared the bold Pappenheim by his side; yet she could not restrain a feeling like oppression, when she saw Pappenheim receive this little man with distinguished respect, and saw this Tilly look upon the Field-Marshal with dignity, and one might almost say with pride, as if he would express, “ ’Tis I who command, ’tis for thee to obey.” Anna, to whom bodily strength alone constituted the mark of the hero, could not comprehend how all Germany could tremble before a little infirm man like this; how such a man as Tilly could stand higher than the idol of her fancy, Pappenheim. She cast her net indignantly on one side, and as her father entered, exclaimed:

“ Have you seen Tilly ? ”

"I have seen him," replied he, "I have seen the fearful one."

"Fearful," laughed Anna, "this mannikin, fearful, the imperial word clothes him with power; but were his commander's baton not thrown into the scale, he would weigh but feather-light."

"A great General," interrupted her father, "fruitful in devices, cautious, but firm in execution; never allowing himself, like Pappenheim, to be hurried away by mere soldier courage; never for an instant forgetting the Commander; a man such as there are few to be found, and a terrible weapon in the hands of the Catholics."

"Did you see him beside Pappenheim," said she, "did you see this old, grey-headed man, beside his form of manly beauty, whose very scars disfigure not, but rather heighten his warlike appearance?"

"And what were this Pappenheim," retorted the old man, "if his master, the Elector had not named him Field-Marshal? a rough, wild warrior, valued only for the keenness of his sword, a man such as Don Balthasar's regiment could show a hundred of."

"Father, you jest," said Anna, forgetting herself, "such a man, born a conqueror, whom no enemy, no heart can withstand; a man glorious as the god of war, a genuine picture of German power. Look at his eyes, at his brown curling locks."

As she spoke, her father had become serious and thoughtful. "Anna," said he, breaking in upon her speech, "life has moments in which the brown hair of the strongest man turns white as snow, when shame stains his honourable name, and when he feels that where he would bless, he is compelled to curse. Dost thou hear me, Anna?" said he, and strode angrily away.

She stood crushed. Suddenly she raised her sunken head. "Life's highest bliss," she exclaimed, "was never yet undimmed. I share but the common lot, and I will not despair."

Tilly had not staid long at table, and was now again mounted with his staff, in order to reconnoitre the defences of the town, and at the same time review the regiments which had been under Pappenheim's command. He turned first to the north, and rode over the great

Silberberg, to the road leading from Magdeburg to Wollmirstädt, and then towards the Elbe. Here he was saluted by a cannonade from the Neustadt. On his return he found, near the Rothensee Wood, the foot regiment of the Duke of Holstein, and also Blankart's Cuirassiers. Tilly rode through their ranks, and commended the Duke for the fine bearing of his regiment; noticing especially the manly, warlike appearance of the halberdiers; he also entered into discourse with several officers and men of Blankart's, that valiant corps of the League which had so often followed him to victory.

After this review, he rode accompanied only by Pappenheim, nearer to the Neustadt, and looked attentively at the works.

"A hearty assault," suggested Pappenheim, "and the thing is ours."

Tilly only smiled, and rode on without further reply in the direction of Diesdorf. "From hence, Count Pappenheim," said he, casting his eyes over the works, from the Kröken to the Ulrich Thor, "from hence we will assuredly not attack; we should take the bull by the horns. The first assault must take place on

the other side, in order to cut off the communication of the town with the Swedes and Saxons; and therefore I have intrusted the post to you."

Pappenheim thanked him for his confidence, but they were both sparing of words. Behind Diesdorf were drawn up the Croats and Holk's Reiters. He rode through the ranks of the first carelessly, saying in a low tone to Pappenheim: "A good stamp of men; were their courage equal to their size, they would be the best cavalry in the army." He then went to Holk's dragoon regiment, at that time the only one in the Imperial army which was uniformly dressed—in green.

Tilly seemed to be especially pleased with them, and rough as Holk was, he had tact enough to reply to a remark on this subject: "We wear your colours, Lieutenant-General."

Tilly staid a long time with this corps; inspected it attentively, examined the arms and equipments narrowly, and nodded his approbation kindly to the soldiers; and as he rode away, said to the Commissary-General Lerchenfeld:

“Take particular care of Colonel Holk’s regiment ; see that they want for nothing, and do not need to help themselves.”

Holk understood the hint.

“Do so, Mr. Commissary,” said he, “that we may not take your office into our own hands ; and we know how to do it.”

Tilly now rode round the Sudenburg, looked at the dismantled Klosterberg, and was fired upon from the Bukower redoubt, as he proceeded towards Fermersleben.

“The Magdeburgers,” said he, addressing Pappenheim, “seem to have devoted more care to that side than to this, and therefore that is your fitting place ; they are fortifying themselves yonder very strongly, and cutting out a tough piece of work for you. We must make all clear there before we commence the dance here.”

Upon the heights by Scalpke stood four battalions of Pappenheim’s, and Benninghausen’s Cuirassiers.

“You shall go with me to meet the Swedes. I love to have the bravest regiments about me,” said he ; “and you, Colonel, shall command my cavalry.”

He then inspected the battalions of Pappenheim's infantry, his old and tried acquaintances.

"I feel as if I was looking at my own regiment," said he ; "every one is so well known to me. A gallant band, Field-Marshal, and well worthy to bear your name."

He took this occasion to commend highly all Pappenheim's arrangements, and said that the enemy were very courteous, for they had only saluted him without venturing a sally.

At Olvenstädt he reviewed the squadrons of Don Balthasar's Cuirassiers, and of Pappenheim's, which were quartered there ; then took a slight dinner—he loved not banquets—and returned to Wanzleben.

CHAPTER XVII.

“SHOULD I not see you again,” said La Croix, indifferently, to Anna the next morning, when he was on the point of departure for Wolfenbüttel, and the horses stood saddled in the court—“farewell.”

“Farewell,” answered she, without asking where he was going ; but all news was important to Aunt Cunegunda.

“Whither does your way lead you?” said she.

“To Wolfenbüttel.”

“And will you stay there long?”

“But a few days only.”

“Then we shall soon see you again?”

"Not at all, my dear Miss Cunegunda," said he, in a loud tone. "The Field-Marshal moves the day after to-morrow, perhaps to-morrow, over the Elbe; and so farewell, dear Olvenstädt."

"He is going hence?" cried Anna, rising quickly.

"Yes," replied he; and bowing, with a sneer, as he spoke, he went out.

The Amtmann, who had sat there gloomily, and without taking part in the conversation, felt it becoming in the host to accompany the parting guest to the door, and followed him.

"Amtmann Wanfried!" whispered La Croix, as his foot was in the stirrup, "a great honour has befallen you. The cuckoo has laid an egg in your nest."

He threw himself upon his horse, and rode off.

The old man stood as if thunderstruck.

"Saddle my horse," cried he; girt on his old battle-sword, thrust the long pistols into the holsters, pushed Anna, who, terrified, asked him what ailed him, aside, and went at speed after La Croix.

The latter was riding quietly and undisturbed with the old Holkish Reiter, two servants, and four soldiers of Don Balthasar's regiment, along the road, when old Wanfried, on his meagre *Klepper*, suddenly galloped up behind him.

"Hauptmann La Croix," he cried, from a distance, "a word with you."

La Croix halted.

"You left me a farewell greeting, and I come to seek an explanation?"

"Explain it to yourself," answered La Croix, coldly. "Things often occur, which cannot be explained by talking."

"Sir!" cried the old man, without remarking that the soldiers prepared their arms for action, "Sir, I demand an explanation, or my sword shall enforce it."

Swiftly was it out of the scabbard.

In place of answering, La Croix made a sign to a servant, who discharged his pistol, and horse and rider fell to the ground.

La Croix galloped off.

There lay the old man, and his trusty nag dead beside him; he sprang up unhurt by the

fall, and stepped up to the quivering horse in sullen grief; the bullet had pierced its brain. He then picked up his sword, which had flown to a distance, and thrust it with a scornful laugh into its scabbard.

“Rest here,” said he, when his anger found words, and striking the steel hilt smartly, “rest here, old friend, until thou canst avenge thyself.”

Tormented by his thoughts, revolving various purposes, he wandered back to his home on foot.

La Croix meantime pursued his way, as if nought had happened. Such things were but slightly thought of by the soldier. Whether the shot had killed the old man's horse or himself, mattered little to him, and he regarded such a trifle merely as a merry adventure, which supplied matter for conversation on the road. Yet the Hauptmann would have been glad that it had not occurred; he feared that the Amtmann might complain to Pappenheim, and on many accounts might find a ready hearing; however, there were a thousand ways of evasion open, and before evening he had almost

totally forgotten the affair, and thought only of the old Jäger of the Harz, to see whom he was now bound. For this purpose he left the road to Wolfenbüttel, and turned off to the left towards Halberstadt, and from thence followed straight, where the old Holkish Reiter led him.

In Wernigerode he sent forward his escort to Ostervick, and rode, accompanied by only one domestic and the old dragoon, through Hasserode, along the rushing Holzemme stream, continually ascending the valley, which there winds among the lofty well-wooded heights of Hlippeln.

After crossing the bridge they turned sharp to the right towards the Brocken; reached the coal-burners' cottages, where the old Reiter stoutly refused to go any farther; neither prayers nor threats availed aught, and he even gave La Croix to understand that he would rather put himself under the protection of the dirty charcoal-burners than again go up the old Jäger's home. He offered, however, if one of them would show the Hauptmann the way there, to remain with them until his return. A smart lad made up his mind at last, in spite of the weather, to guide La Croix

to the Jäger's dwelling. On the road La Croix sought to inform himself about all things, and put several questions to his guide, who, however, could answer but few ; and he could learn only thus much, that the Hunting Lodge, situated at the foot of the Brocken, and called Scharfenstein, was universally shunned, and nobody liked having anything to do with the old man and his beasts, and still less with the old witch of a servant ; the saying also went that the place was haunted, especially on Walpurgis Night. While engaged in this discourse they plunged deeper into the forest ; the storm howled fearfully, and shook the old pine-trees till they struck crackling against each other ; the snow fell in thick flakes ; the wild boar rushed past them with a startled grunt ; and the heathcock, driven from tree to tree by the tempest, rustled through the air on his broad wings. All nature seemed astir. As they attained the open place mentioned by the old Reiter, they saw in the distance a welcome sight, the smoke of a chimney curling amid the snow-storm, through the tops of the fir-trees.

“There is where he lives,” said the coal-

burner, "and now give me my guerdon and let me go, for I'll follow ye no further."

Contrary to his usual habit, La Croix paid the lad, probably the first time long since that he had given money, instead of taking it, and when the man had left him he urged his horse forward, the old domestic behind him muttering, "we shall ride into the Devil's jaws I suppose at last." A singular feeling took possession of him, but he rode on cheerfully, for it would seem that La Croix was more afraid of mankind than of Satan. So they trotted on through storm and wind until they beheld the Hunting Lodge before them; it was a fine looking building, and as it stood out from among the fir-covered rocks, might well be called kindly looking, and certainly had no evil appearance. The spacious court-yard and the house which stood at the end of it, had nothing affrighting about them; however, as they pursued the road, which here gave a curve, and came opposite to the entrance, the servant suddenly exclaimed, shivering like an aspen:

"Oh, Sir, only look, look at the awful com-

panions who spite of storm and weather watch the old man's dwelling."

La Croix now descried some singular figures, which sentinel like, stood on the right and left of the open gate; they were upright skeletons, their bony hands supported on great cudgels, but on their bodies stood no human skulls; here was one with the skull of a bear; there again that of a stag of twelve with stately antlers; another had that of a wolf, and another a fox; altogether a ghastly brotherhood, which seemed to hold here watch and ward. La Croix's horse started, and begun to snort, and stared at the white figures; breathing hard. The servant made the sign of the cross three times towards them, as moved by the wind they rattled fearfully. La Croix, howbeit, not of the most valiant nature; yet somehow fancied that in virtue of his thrice seven drops, he had a certain claim to such society; he gave his horse the spur, and after a considerable struggle the frightened animal sprang past the skeletons into the court, followed by the domestic's beast. No barking of dogs greeted them here, the whole court seemed as if dead.

An old mangy hound alone came creeping out of his kennel, but seemed to trouble himself very little about them. The house door was shut, and La Croix dismounted to open it; found it locked, he knocked, but no one opened; no living being was to be seen. The storm still raged, the wind whistled cold, and his cloak scarcely protected him. Even the horses trembled with the cold. La Croix grew impatient, and thundered at the door with a stake, which he found in the court, and at this noise an upper lattice was opened, and a nose appeared, then a pointed chin, and such a pair of eyes, that La Croix shrunk back; and at the question: "What's your will? no one is at home and I will not open to you," nearly lost his self-possession; so ghost-like was the figure that greeted him.

"Open the door, Mother Trude," cried he, at length recollecting himself, "and don't leave an old fellow-soldier of your master's, standing so long here in a snow-storm; he will give you scant thanks for it when he returns home."

"Who are you then?" demanded the old woman.

“Hauptmann La Croix, of Pappenheim’s regiment,” replied he.

“La Croix, La Croix !” growled the old hag : and shut the lattice and after a while opened the door. “Sit ye down at the hearth, the fire still burns cheerily, and I will show your servant the stable,” said she, in a manner intended to be friendly.

“Don’t forget to secure the beasts, mother,” begged La Croix.

“You seem well acquainted with our house,” growled she ; and went with the servant to the stable.

Meanwhile, La Croix gazed around the apartment, upon the walls of which hung great stag’s antlers, and here and there a battered picture of a boar, or of a noted old hound. All besides denoted cleanliness and competence, and the old woman seemed to keep her coppers and tins brighter than herself. She soon returned and made a noble fire in the stove, signed to the Hauptmann to seat himself, and placed before him a mug of beer, and then went to and fro, looking anxiously out towards the hill, to see if the Jäger was likely to be back soon. He

had gone, she said, upon the traces of a bear—a rare visitor hereabouts.

La Croix examined the chamber with searching glances, in hopes of finding something demoniacal, but there was no trace of anything of the kind. All here was what was usually to be found in a huntsman's dwelling—crossbows, arquebusses, and boar-spears hung in order upon the walls, and the bolts neatly arranged between the hunting-horns, the short, broad-bladed, buck-horn hafted hunting knife hung loosely between two long pistols, such as were carried in their bandoliers by the musketeers of the period; there were also muskets with matchlocks and cartridge-boxes; but what most excited his wonder, was a handsome helmet with three white feathers, a head-piece, such as was worn by musketeers, also a breast-plate and an iron neck-piece—in short, the entire equipment of a horse-soldier was hanging amongst the hunting appointments. On the table lay an old Goslar's Chronicle, on the backs of the pages of which, as it appeared to him, on the cursory glance he bestowed upon it in turning over the leaves, were written remarks upon the wars of the day;

he would gladly have read some of it, had not the old woman entered and informed him that her master would soon be in, as she heard the bark of his dogs on the hill.

Shortly after, with a fearful yelping and howling, the pack entered the court, followed by the Jäger himself. As he strode across the court, he was speaking to the old woman with his head turned the other way, so that the Hauptmann could not see his face. He shook his head dubiously once or twice, gave his hunting-spear and a light gun which he carried on his shoulder to the old woman at the door, and after shaking the snow from him, entered the apartment. La Croix advanced to meet him.

“Pardon,” said he, “that a traveller astray has sought the shelter of your roof, and has induced your old servant to give him an admission by an untruth.”

“Through an untruth?” asked the Jäger, laying aside his wolf *Pelz*; “how so?”

“I told her that you knew me.”

“Now is that not so? Lieutenant La Croix, of Bernstorff’s Company, in the regi-

ment of Götz is well known to me." La Croix looked at him with surprise; "but that you have come astray is not true," pursued the Jäger. "You seek for hidden knowledge, and think to find it here," continued he, after a pause, casting his fur-cap on a bench, and replacing it by the green cap with the heath-cock's feather. "As it is two leagues from here to Ilsenburg, and I can give you no guide, and you cannot remain under the same roof with me, I beg of you to lay your business quickly before me."

During this time La Croix had been narrowly regarding the old man. The wild huntsman he was not—not a bit like him. He was an honest-looking, respectable figure, whose countenance was, indeed, disfigured by a cut, and whose dark eyes seemed to pierce into the heart. He scarcely recognised the old Reiter's picture; the ten devils which the latter had fancied about the old man's mouth, he could trace, for more mockery, more scorn had the Hauptmann never seen any mouth express.

La Croix seated himself, and emptied the drops from the jug which the old woman had

set before him. His host observed it, but did not whistle to her to refill it for him.

“You are fast,” begun La Croix.

The Jäger was silent.

“I wish to become a sharer in such a fortune, and come to you to request you to guide me to the attainment of this object. My will is firm, and I am resolved to offer up all that is required. Would you a reward for your labour? You have but to ask.”

The old man had kept his eye fixed upon La Croix while he spoke.

“Hauptmann La Croix,” said he, contemptuously, “the cuirassier whom I met to-day as a Holkish Reiter at the charcoal-burners’ huts was deceived by me, and has deceived you. I am as little fast as you are. If ’twere this belief gave you courage in the storm of Klosterberg, thank chance that the balls missed you, and hold that you have not paid too dearly your escape, with four doubloons, and swallowing a few drops of ox-gall. Before I held a protection from Tilly, I was compelled to play this farce, as I, myself an old and experienced soldier, well knew that in this wild place I could

not protect myself better against the soldiery than by such devil's tricks. And now ye know all, and so ride on your way, and God be with you, if that is possible."

La Croix looked at him astonished, he knew not if the old man wished to evade him, or whether he spoke the truth; he could hardly believe that the old Reiter would have ventured to play such a trick upon him, and yet, when he looked in the old Jäger's face, he beheld there such a serious expression that he could scarcely doubt that he spoke the truth;—after reflecting for a short time.

"Old man," he began, "do you perchance fancy that I am shy of signing the contract with my blood, or of giving up soul and body to the fiend?"

"By no means," answered the old man, "I believe not that," he took the Chronicle of Goslar in his hand, and turning over the written notes which were fastened therein he began to read as follows:

"In the year of our Lord 1630, on the 7th day of September, we of Götz's regiment with others, about eight thousand strong with sixteen

squadrons, drew before Pasewalk, a fine town in Pomerania. There were two companies of Swedish dragoons in garrison there, who defended themselves like valiant soldiers ; but were at length obliged to give way and retreated, (with the citizens who had been obliged to join them,) fighting to the Jagow Thor. Here a fearful slaughter begun. The Swedes saved themselves, but the poor citizens, remained behind, and were cut down by the soldiers ; the town was plundered and set on fire, and with robbing, pillage, and massacre, during four days, such horrors were practised as could never have been witnessed since Jerusalem, nor could any one believe that Christian soldiers could perpetrate such things.

“ Praise be to God, I kept my hands free from blood and booty, and may He inscribe it in my account for good ; at that time also I resolved to quit the trade of war, and to return to my old master, Count Stolberg, which, I praise God, I did. Among the godless wretches who were most distinguished by blood-thirstiness and shameful deeds, so that even the soldiery themselves were horror-struck thereat, was one in

particular, who at God's own altar, struck down and stabbed a preacher, shed floods of innocent blood and acted like a fiend incarnate; this was a Netherlander from Valenciennes, a lieutenant of Bernstorff's Company, named La Croix."

La Croix sprang from his seat.

"On this day," read the Jäger calmly on, "was this villain surely given to Satan, if he were not already in his power."

"Old greybeard," shouted the Hauptmann in fury, and seized the Jäger by the breast."

"Boy," laughed the old man; cast La Croix violently from him and whistled.

La Croix drew his dagger, but ere he could use it, as if she had been prepared for what had happened, Mother Trude entered, but in singular company, a young bear growled at her side and a whole army of savage dogs howled without, and held the servant in no small respect.

"Would you make the experiment, whether you or I are fast, now try," said the old man, mischievously, "the young bear's paws will soon instruct you."

La Croix stood by the window trembling.

"One word from me, and helpless, weapon-

less, you are torn to pieces ; 'twere truly a heroic act, like that at Pasewalk ; but though I well believe the world would owe me thanks for freeing it of you, yet God has not made me your judge, and to him I leave you." He winked to the old woman who retired with the beasts.

"Sir," he now continued, "may the deadly terror, which you have undergone, awaken your conscience ; return into yourself, become again human, for humanity has departed from you, repent and rescue your soul, if there is yet time. To-day or to-morrow, God may call you, and then laden with a thousand crimes, will you stand before your inexorable judge, with thousands to bear witness against you."

La Croix stood abashed, yet 'twas no feeling of repentance that awoke in him, and as he stood, impotent fury glanced from his wicked eyes.

"I see you are irrevocably lost," pursued the Jäger, "proceed on your way to Wolfenbüttel. I would not longer tarry under one roof with you. Your servant has already prepared your horses, and is informed regarding the way

you should take." He turned his back upon him, and left him to his thoughts. His servant just now brought forth the horses, and La Croix after a short reflection, threw himself into the saddle and rapidly rode away. They had already ridden nearly a league and La Croix had not uttered a word, when the servant, who appeared to be ignorant of what had occurred, broke the silence.

"Well, that was a queer house that we have just left, and I hardly think it's all right there. The old witch spreads me a cloth upon a fodder-chest, and sets a wild boar's leg before me, and beer and wine in plenty, and invites me with a fiendish grimace to set to; and just as I begun to relish it, she comes close beside me with a bear, who eyed me in such a friendly, confidential kind of way, that all appetite forsook me, and when somewhat disconcerted by this visit, I sought the open air, such a fearful pack opened upon me howling and yelping and fixed me so to the spot that I could not move."

La Croix laughed grimly at this narration.

"Laugh as you will, Sir," continued the servant, "I shudder when I think of it." At

last, however, seeing that his master paid no attention to him he was silent.

On arriving at Osterviek, at nightfall, they found the cuirassiers, who had been sent in advance ; but the old Reiter had not joined them as directed, and the next morning they continued their journey to Wolfenbüttel without him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN the Amtmann Wanfried returned home on foot, he gave no answer to Cune-gunda's questions, suffered Anna to kiss his hand, sat himself down silently in his old arm-chair, and listlessly turned over the leaves of the old Chronicle before him. Anna was uneasy; the silent grief of her father brought her to despair. She besought, supplicated, wept, fell upon his neck; he suffered all, but reciprocated nought. The maiden seemed now to have forgotten her own trouble in her father's grief; and much as she had longed for the moment when she should see Pappenheim, she now seemed to forget that the hour drew

nigh. As it began to grow dusk, and aunt Cunegunda brought lights, the old man vehemently exclaimed—'twas the first word he had spoken—"No lights;" and after a pause, he said, more calmly :

"Sister, let Rittmeister Hohendorf be called, and I would then be alone with him."

Hohendorf came.

"Rittmeister," began the Amtmann, "Hedwig's father begs you to stay with him for a short space ; it is dark about us, but what he would say shuns the light. Seat yourself near me, and give me your hand. I hold you for a brave man, and therefore I can trust you?"

Hohendorf returned the pressure of the hand, which he felt tremble in his own.

"I believe I am an unfortunate man," pursued Wanfried ; "one whom Fate has deeply and painfully wounded in his most sensitive point. I had a daughter, whom I loved inexpressibly ; her proud, high-soaring imagination I deemed greatness ; her passion strength of soul. I cherished both, and fostered a serpent in my bosom. I had a daughter, whom I out of measure loved ; I have one no longer."

Hohendorf perceived the dark meaning of his words, but the quiet tone in which the old man spoke, and his calm suffering struck him deeply, and he knew not what to answer.

“True, is it not, Rittmeister?” continued the old man. “It is well that darkness is around us, for did your eye meet mine, I should not dare look up; now I can look boldly towards you, for you behold not the shame which dyes the cheek of a humiliated father. La Croix told me this morning that great honour had befallen me.”

“Devil!” cried Hohendorf, forgetting himself.

“And when I followed him upon my trusty *Klepper*, and drew my sword to wash out the insulting words with blood, one of his servants shot the poor horse, and heavily laden with shame the old man slunk home again.”

He laughed aloud.

“Dear Sir,” added he, after a pause, “speak but one word of comfort to me.”

“We march hence to-morrow,” replied Hohendorf, believing that the news would tranquillize him.

“You bear my peace away, and leave me but my shame behind. No help for me but in the grave.”

Hohendorf felt his heart bursting.

“Unhappy man,” cried he, “turn, oh, turn to God. May He strengthen you to bear the burden, which He has laid upon you.”

“Sir,” said the old man, “of that I have already thought. I would seek consolation from Him alone, but then it comes upon my mind that not even Omnipotence can alter what has past ; but I will up ; I will demand a reckoning,” and he started suddenly up.

“Do not,” besought Hohendorf ; “what could it avail you ? You strive with but unequal arms against might, and would but destroy yourself.”

“Destroy !” muttered Wanfried ; “he might send me again to Wollmirstädt to von Pralens. You are right ; I must suffer and be silent. I will not curse her, but I can no longer bless her ; but if you, during your short remaining stay, will come sometimes to the old man, I will talk with you, for you understand me, and have been ever kind to Hedwig, whom I so long undervalued.”

He rose, felt for the door of his sleeping-room, and finding it, entered it, and fastened it behind him.

Hohendorf was also about to leave the room when Anna met him.

"You have spoken with my father," said she, in a low tone, "and what said he? has he opened his heart to you?"

"He moves me much," returned Hohendorf.

"And me also, believe me," answered she. "I feel more pity for him than for myself; but let him not despair; let him chide me in word or deed, let him even curse me, but avenge me."

"Anna!" cried Hohendorf, surprised.

"This day the dice are cast," continued she, calmly. "They show me life or death, yet this day may my fate be decided, either for eternal love or boundless hate; the decisive hour strikes. Farewell."

She rushed out, and hastened up the winding stairs of the tower.

Hohendorf could not follow her; he knew her fate was unalterable. Comfort her he

might—help her he could no longer. He felt unspeakably grieved for the unhappy family, whose peace had fled. He turned back into the apartment, and approached the door of Wanfried's sleeping-room, and listened. No sound was audible, save that sometimes he thought he could hear a slight sigh. He then seated himself in a little window-seat, where Hedwig was formerly wont to sit, and thought upon that sweet and lovely being.

Cunegunda entered. Her brother's silent grief had even affected her. She set a light upon the table, said her evening prayer, and withdrew without noticing him. Hohendorf felt anxious about Anna, and remained seated, determined to await her return.

Soon the door opened and she entered with a small lamp in her hand, pale as a ghost. On seeing Hohendorf, she smiled a kindly greeting to him and said :

“It glads me that you are yet here, your sympathy does me good—remain, leave not your seat for me, the place you love for Hedwig's sake.” She placed the lamp upon the table. “Now, indeed I need a friend,”

said she, "but it must not be you. I need another man than you; I need no comfort, I need no sympathy; I wish for no eye, whose pure glance were but a calm reproach to me, and would wound me. It should rather be a mirror to me of what is in my heart, for my die has been cast, and my fate has been shaped; and not to love. Pity me not, in me lay hid the germ of endless bliss, or of unspeakable misery. I was prepared for it, and with courage will I bear it. In the few moments since I left you, I have made a covenant with my fate, and pain is past." She grasped the lamp. "When you retire to rest, put out your light," said she coldly. "Good night, dream of Hedwig; for in dreams alone, does human happiness consist." She nodded kindly and left him.

* * * * *

Already had the cuirassiers saddled, and the drums were calling the infantry together. The Field-Marshal's baggage stood ready packed in the court. All was prepared for their departure to Schönebeck.

Old Wanfried sat quietly reading in his chair, and Anna had taken up Hedwig's spindle. Neither seemed to concern themselves about the approaching departure. Now and then Anna cast a searching glance at her father, who, when he sometimes raised his eyes seemed surprised at his daughter's equanimity.

Cunegunda alone was active, and watched with dragon-like diligence the house utensils and furniture, lest any part of it should make the march to Schönebeck, with the departing guests.

Hohendorf now entered, and broke the dull silence. He greeted the father kindly, and drawing near to Anna, whispered in a low tone to her :

“The General would speak to you, ere his departure, and begs you would go to him.”

“I go not,” replied Anna.

“Your yesterday evening's behaviour,” continued he, “has won you his respect.”

“Won his respect,” echoed she, “has he then spoken of it to you?”

“Anna, he has.”

“Then am I rejoiced that you may feel

that the fallen one has yet the courage left, to rise again. Pappenheim's respect concerns me not, your's I now can value."

"And what answer shall I carry him?"

"From me?—none," answered she coldly, and continued her work.

Hohendorf left her.

PART II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

CHAPTER I.

PAPPENHEIM's horse was now led forth. Anna heard it neigh, and her heart beat quick : but she chid its weakness. Steps were heard approaching along the passage. It throbbed quicker. The door was opened, and he entered. As her father looked up and saw him, he hastily shut the Chronicle, and, without noticing him, went into his sleeping-room and bolted it behind him.

Pappenheim drew near to Anna, who, however, did not seem to notice him.

"Anna," he began, "I have wished to speak with you. You have refused. I now come to bid you farewell. As far as I can make good

what cannot be undone, I will do so gladly. You shall find in me a faithful friend, who will take a constant and active interest in your destiny."

Anna did not look up; but she could not repress her heart's emotion at the sound of his voice, and she trembled.

"Be not unjust to me," continued he, "passion cast you into my arms, even as they were outstretched to receive you. Could you hope that I could be more to you than a friend for life? Consider our connection in a calmer light, and you will feel inclined to chide me less."

She shook her downcast head, as if in denial.

"That you yesterday," pursued Pappenheim, with such decision and firmness, "broke off our acquaintance, I cannot but honour you; thereby the remembrance of you becomes to me most dear."

The damsel was silent, and a tear was breaking from her eye.

"Anna," cried Pappenheim, who really felt for her, "truly do I pity you."

At these words she started, quickly repressed her tears, drew herself up, and stood

angrily before him, while she said, in a cutting tone :

“ Keep your pity, General ; perchance you need it more than I do ! All, all that has been between us is rent asunder, and would to God its remembrance could be blotted out ! I require nought from you ; and, therefore, go where you will, and care not for me.”

“ Shall we part thus, Anna ?” said he. “ I would it had been more kindly. You have become to me more valued than I deemed possible. However, as you will, and we must part.”

“ Part !” cried she, with a smile. “ No, we shall never part. I leave you not. You may desert me, but you I follow like a shadow. Farewell ! we shall meet again.”

She passed him, and left the room.

Pappenheim looked after her with surprise.

“ Hadst thou been a man,” said he, “ thou hadst done great things ; as a woman, thou art to be pitied. Let the trumpets sound to horse,” cried he sternly.

The trumpets sounded, the drums rattled, and the man to whom this chimera of an enthusiast had sufficed for her destruction, bestrode his impatient horse and departed.

Hohendorf remained yet awhile in Olvenstädt; but Anna's wounded feelings, firmly repressed, opened not to his kindly words; nor did the shaken spirit of the old man, who became more and more chary of words, and withdrew, apparently, more and more into his own thoughts. He could, therefore, do nothing for the peace of this unhappy family, but recommend them, in Pappenheim's name, to Isolani, who, with his Croats, marched into Olvenstädt. And he then followed his General with a heavy heart to the right bank of the Elbe.

Some days passed over at the Amt-house in the same dull silence. The new guests seemed to have changed their nature: and Isolani, who had almost entirely occupied the country around (Mannsfeld having fixed his quarters farther back at Eichen-barleben, while the troops were cantoned still further to the rear), acted like a martin, which ever spares the vicinity of its own nest, and only robs at a distance: he foraged elsewhere, and spared his host.

Wanfried was not only in depressed spirits, but a violent fever had prostrated him, and

Anna durst not approach his couch, which, to those who knew not the events of the last days, was a riddle. She was calm—wrapt in herself, seldom left her place and her work, and her whole outward demeanour was so quiet, that nought betrayed the wearing wound within. She merely appeared thoughtful: but at every sound of horses' feet upon the court, she would start and look out inquiringly, as though she expected some one.

One evening, as Aunt Cunegunda, now the sick man's only nurse, came plaguing her with questions, a horseman galloped into the court. It was La Croix. Anxiously as Anna had expected him, her heart now quaked at the sight of him. She saw him jump quickly from his horse, and hasten up stairs to Isolani. Count Mannsfeld, on his delivering the cannon brought from Wolfenbüttel, had given him an order for the Croat Colonel; and, averse as he was to pass through Olvenstädt, he dared not refuse to do the Count's bidding. He hoped to have left the Amt-house again without meeting the old man; for since the untoward news he had learned at the forest-house, such a

rencontre was doubly unwelcome to him. Anna had long awaited him. She knew nought of the affair with her father, for the old man had since spoken to no one, and only to Hohendorf had he mentioned the occurrence about his horse; she had, therefore, never doubted for an instant, that La Croix would again quarter with them. But when shortly after she saw him hastily descend the steps again, she sprang up and hurried out.

“Hauptmann La Croix!” cried she, “a word with you.”

He started, but quickly recovered himself.

“Modest damsel,” said he, with a sneer, “I am in haste.”

Anna seized his hand.

“Hauptmann,” said she, “you follow me, or by heaven—”

And the threatening movement of her hand, and the glance of her dark eye, showed him that he ventured less in following than by withdrawing.

“Come with me into the chamber of the tower.” When they had entered, she cautiously bolted the door. “La Croix,” said she, calmly,

“you loved me once ; you love me yet ; is it not so ?” She stopped.

La Croix could not well construe this singular address, he knew not whither it tended, or what to answer ; he would gladly have replied with contempt and sneers. He recalled to his mind all that could irritate and excite his vengeful feelings ; but, when he gazed upon her splendid beauty, he found it impossible to give vent to his spite.

“ Well, Hauptmann,” said Anna, in a proudly conscious tone, “ does it suit you to answer me ? Know that without love—fervent, glowing love—you are to me as dead.”

“ Speak, Anna !” he exclaimed, and threw his arm round her.

“ Back !” cried she, angrily ; “ you are mistaken in me, Hauptmann La Croix ; to you I am still a saint ; would you gain me, it must be by service. Yet does my self-respect set me far above you. Measure not yourself with the giant ; by him you are but a dwarf.”

“ What would you with me then ?” said he, indignantly.

“ No more of this, La Croix, we must under-

stand each other, or part. I need a man to whom gratitude is a burden, fidelity a bed of slavery who can cast off both, should they irk him; in a word, a man like you, who is capable of buying love with blood." She ceased.

He looked at her doubtfully; her eye was fixed upon him, almost to burning, and this glance shook him rather than attracted.

"Revenge on Pappenheim alone, leads you to my arms," she said: "then am I entirely yours."

His eye glanced rapidly over her at these words; rapidly he weighed the crime with the reward, and then extended his hand to her in silence.

"So be it," said he, his eye still firmly bent upon her. "But who shall guarantee your word to me?"

"La Croix," said she. "This fact brings us so near together, that I owe you openness. I loved Pappenheim ere I knew him; my fantasy had painted so glorious a picture of this wild warrior, that I saw in him the god of war himself; nor did the reality fall short of what

imagination drew. He paid his court to Hedwig; I saw it, and was struck with grief. Pride strove in my heart, and had already won the victory. Then was my father sent to Wollmirstädt. Filial duty—by the Almighty God! I swear it—and nought else, led me to him. For the rest, let me be silent. Glowing, fervent as was my love, so shall my revenge be fearful.”

“Anna,” said the crafty man, “does not love still slumber in your heart? and is it not merely hidden by your spirit of revenge?”

“Love him! No, La Croix, since he told me,—that when he was away, I, like himself, would sleep off my intoxication, and look upon all, when I awakened, but as a pleasing dream; since he so degraded my ardent feelings as to deem them an intoxication of the senses, I have felt that he knows not love, that he is unworthy of a heartfelt, a devoted love; but could I so stand before him as to compel him to respect me, while I might look on him with scorn; or could I cause the fearless one to quake before me—that, that, La Croix, is the most longing wish of my heart—a wish which even outweighs the thirst for vengeance. Let us act

together. Where woman's cunning cannot reach, there you may supply the need; and I deem, that for this, I have in you found the fitting man."

Much did they yet talk over ere they parted—the future was to reward him; the present gave him nought. He took his way over the bridge of boats to Burg, where Pappenheim had fixed his quarters, and where, to his astonishment, he found Hohendorf more high in the General's favour than before.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST Tilly continued his march towards Frankfort, Pappenheim was each day closing up the blockade more strictly around Magdeburg, on the right bank ; and after some little time, had on that account placed his quarters at Nedlitz, in order to be nearer the troops, which lay in cantonments at Biederitz, Woltersdorf, and Wahlitz, as far as the old Elbe. Here Falkenburg had endeavoured to cover the navigation by some out-works ; redoubts had been thrown up on the Kreuzhorst and the Rehberge. A large work covered the posts of Prester ; and Krakau, fortified on all sides, and defended by two towers, maintained the communications

between the different field-works ; and the main out-work of the Magdeburgers, the Zoll-redoubt.

Tilly had given orders to Pappenheim, as well as to Mannsfeld, to provide what was necessary for the siege, and to entrench every important post securely ; but not to undertake anything serious against the town in his absence. Whether he deemed that the troops left before Magdeburg were too few, especially the infantry, to undertake the siege of so considerable a place, or whether he wished to reserve the conquest of this heretic town for himself, the hands of the Generals were tied, and the disunion that had long prevailed between Pappenheim and Mannsfeld, as well as his order, afforded the Magdeburgers time to extend and complete their outward defences. Did the bold Pappenheim fancy he had an opportunity to strike a blow, the cautious Mannsfeld held him back, stood continually opposed to him, and refused him all aid. This state of things delayed for a while the fate of the unhappy town.

The cannon which La Croix had brought

from Wolfenbüttel became a fruitful source of discord between the two chiefs, and Pappenheim was angry with La Croix for having left it behind at Eichen-barleben; indeed, he seemed for some time past to have lost the favour of the Marshal, who still thought of Hohendorf's warning, and La Croix's dubious and reserved bearing on his return still further awakened his mistrust. One event had almost entirely ruined him in the good graces of Pappenheim, and thrown him at a distance from his person. The old Reiter, for whom Holk had a peculiar regard, and whom he had begged of Colonel Blankart for his own regiment, had felt not a little troubled, when he had received orders to accompany La Croix to Wolfenbüttel; he divined the cause of this, and knew La Croix too well not to fear for himself, should the latter discover the deceit he had practised on him, and saw no other way out of it than to beg of his Colonel to keep him back.

He, therefore, confessed the whole affair, and was not a little surprised when Holk, instead of blaming him, laughed aloud, bade him accompany the Hauptmann, only as far

as the Forest, and then return direct to him, and he would protect him from La Croix's revenge. It was no longer a mystery to Holk after this what had given La Croix such daring courage at Klosterberg, and recollecting his wise talk, he proposed to himself to humble him on the first opportunity.

Being one day with Pappenheim, who was complaining of the inactivity to which they were condemned, Holk suggested that a slight chastisement would not hurt the saucy Magdeburgers, who, by means of their works on the Elbe, kept the navigation, as well as their communications with Saxony open.

"The entrenchment upon the Kreuzhorst, which irks me as often as I look at it, is now nearly finished. What say you, General, if we were to attempt to carry it?"

"What would it advance us?" replied Pappenheim. "Without a great and well-organized enterprise, these little mockeries tend to nothing."

"But to punish their insolence," suggested Holk. "Why, they call this work 'Trotz

Pappenheim ;'* and by this name have they made the enterprise your peculiar affair ; besides you have a man on your staff who knows so well how to take redoubts with such courage and method, and will have hoarded up his mature bravery to an energy now sufficient for the boldest venture, that you risk nought thereby. I mean the valiant Hauptmann La Croix, who does not truly now stand beside you quite so boldly, as when goblet in hand he led the discourse at the banquet. Give him a couple of hundred men, and to-morrow the arrogant work will no longer irk us ; he will have taken it."

Pappenheim smiled.

" 'Tis, in faith, the first time," said he, " that Pappenheim has been called on for a venture which he did not himself suggest."

"Now, as you propose. Seek to deserve another laurel," cried he, addressing La Croix : " take to-morrow three hundred men of Gronsfeld's regiment, and try if the redoubt in the Kreuzhorst is so arrogant as still to call itself 'Trotz Pappenheim.' You will have brave boys with you. Count Gronsfeld will surely select the best."

* Literally, dare or spite Pappenheim.

La Croix bestowed a bitter curse upon Holk in his heart, but pretended to be quite overjoyed at this fresh mark of his General's confidence.

"I wonder," said Holk, when they were alone, "how he will bear himself to-morrow? My best war-horse to a cask of Rhenish—badly!"

"Done," said Pappenheim; "you shall be judge yourself; your Dane is the stake. Say farewell to him."

Holk smiled.

As the morning began to dawn, the Field-Marshal was already at Wahlitz, where Holk lay with his regiment. They then rode together to the Calenburg, where the soldiers detailed for the assault were assembling, in order to cross the Elbe in boats.

La Croix felt in rather a peculiar frame. He who had never been truly brave was now in a sort of dull despair, and since he knew himself to be deceived in the fancy of his invulnerability, the little courage that he sometimes felt had totally deserted him, and a sort of dull desperation had taken its place; and not to-day, as at Klosterberg, did he lead on his band

with cool and collected energy. It is true he again rushed wildly on, but without foresight or arrangement, and he hurried to the work as if he would lead his soldiers to slaughter.

“Stubble! mere straw-flame!” cried Holk, who was standing at a distance; “that will be extinguished by the first salvo from the redoubt.”

Pappenheim smiled.

The guns thundered, the balls whistled, the halberts glittered in the morning sun, and the musketeers upon the walls directed their aim upon the morgensterns and partizans of the assailants.

Still La Croix rushed on with blind desperation. The enemy, who shot too high, did him little harm, but at this instant a grape-shot struck down several men near him; he started, and though no longer the first, he still followed the band up to the ditch. The Administrator's troops, prepared for the attack, repulsed the stormers. Many brave men fell, and the rest fled. La Croix was the first among the fugitives.

Pappenheim and Holk saw this from their

position; both were silent. Then Pappenheim dashed down towards the flying troops.

“Coward!” cried he to La Croix, “turn, or I will trample you underneath my horse’s feet.”

Wild, and with a glance at his General full of despairing rage, La Croix shouted out a fearful “Stand, ye Gronsfelders!” to the fugitives, succeeded in rallying them, and led them once more against the redoubt. Desperation urged him on. The foremost on the ladder, he was struck down with a morgenstern, and fell into the ditch. His men fled, and he was taken.

Indignant at this mishap, for fifty dead lay upon the Kreuzhorst, Pappenheim rode back. The failure of the attack was most annoying to him, as Gronsfeld, from whose regiment the men had been taken, would now have another opportunity of communicating privately with Tilly. La Croix’s fall was to him at that moment a matter of indifference.

“You have won your wager, Colonel Holk,” said he, as he parted from him in Wahlitz. “It cost dear—fifty brave soldiers, without counting the wounded, and a cask of Rhenish.”

Holk dissembled his joy. To see the hateful La Croix banished was nearly as welcome to him as wine.

“I’ll relish it, Field-Marshal,” said he, laughing. “I hope you’ll choose it from your best vintage.”

Meantime, La Croix lay stunned in the ditch. As the Administrator’s soldiers approached to plunder him, he recovered from his insensibility—was put into a boat, with several more prisoners, and taken to Magdeburg. Mindful of his oath, and firmly convinced that Pappenheim had wished to sacrifice him in the storm of the Kreuzhorst, his resolve of vengeance was still more strengthened in his breast. When he was taken before Falkenberg, with whom General Amsterroth and Colonel Uzlar were at the time in conference, he was questioned by him on many important points. He was silent; but with a meaning look made known to Falkenberg his wish to be alone with him. The latter took him into an adjoining chamber, where he informed the Swedish Commander, without reserve, that he was of Pappenheim’s staff, and in his confidence, but hated him on

account of personal insults which he had suffered from him. If the Crown of Sweden, he said, would give him certain refuge, and a proportionate reward, he would use his best energies for them; and he warned them at once to keep good watch on the right bank, for from that quarter where Pappenheim was stationed he might look for an assault; from the side where Mannsfeld commanded he was sure to be left quiet. He also gave him accounts of the strength and distribution of the army; informed him of the exact force with which Tilly had marched to the Oder, and imparted many things beside, which Falkenberg lost no time in making known to the King of Sweden.

As he was being led from Falkenberg's quarters to the court-house, in a sort of indulgent arrest, they passed over the Broadway, and by a shop, when how was he surprised at seeing Hedwig standing beside a young man, with whom she was engaged in such earnest discourse, that she did not observe La Croix, until he stood before her, and saluted her. A loud cry escaped her, and she fled into the house.

“So thou art here!” exclaimed he, triumphantly, “and so Hohendorf the Faithful also stands in communication with Magdeburg. I will not have discovered this for nought.”

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, La Croix was brought before the Administrator, Margrave Christian Wilhelm. He found no one here but Falkenberg, who bade him boldly repeat to his princely Highness what he had said yesterday to himself. The Administrator was courteous and condescending to him, and promised to do his utmost to move the King to reward his devotion to the good cause, as it deserved. He also announced to him he was free, without ransom, and at liberty to return to the Imperial camp that day.

La Croix thanked him for his favour, but begged of him to detain him for a few days, and allow him to inform Pappenheim (who

thought him dead), of his capture; he would certainly negotiate for his release, and it would then be time enough to liberate him. So as not to arouse the suspicion and distrust of Pappenheim, the Administrator could conceive this; but Falkenberg was silent, and regarded La Croix with a searching glance. "I would also beg of your Princely Highness," continued the prisoner, "to give me a document for my security, by which I may be assured of friendly usage, should I fall into the hands of the Swedes, or be necessitated to seek a refuge with them. My devotion to the Swedish crown might well bring me into circumstances, wherein a hasty flight alone could save me."

The Administrator consented also to this apparently reasonable request, and would have forthwith prepared the document, but Falkenberg found a specious ground for delaying it a while; and when the Administrator dismissed the Hauptmann, and gave him permission to lodge at an inn, Falkenberg, under the pretence that a favour of the kind might awaken the enemy's suspicions, set a sentry at the door, and a sergeant at arms was ordered to accompany

him everywhere, and was strictly forbidden to allow him to go upon the wall.

“Forgive me,” said he, to the too often incautious Administrator, “for remarking that you are placing confidence in this La Croix somewhat too easily. I would profit by a traitor’s malice, but never wholly trust him; particularly this man, in whose eye there is something that I like not; allow me, therefore, to take all necessary precautions regarding him.”

After La Croix had, by Falkenberg’s means, sent an open letter to Pappenheim, the first use which he made of his freedom was to betake himself to the house where he had seen Hedwig. No good will to her led him to seek her; for during their short acquaintance, they had mutually avoided each other; it was more a desire to give her pain through his news, and thus avenge the contempt she had shown him in her father’s home.

Though Hedwig was averse to the man, this visit was not wholly unpleasant to her: although his first appearance had terrified her, she yet hoped to receive from him accounts of her

family. He spoke but little at first, and only trickled the poison he wished to instil drop by drop. However, she learned that her father was ill—seriously ill; and though he did not speak out on the subject, she could yet from his narrative, divine Anna's unhappy fate, and thus easily account for her father's illness.

He would have continued this mischievous game yet longer, had not the worthy mistress of the house given the discourse another turn; but the shaft had struck Hedwig, and she resolved instantly to hasten to Olvenstädt to attend upon her father. No remonstrance of her betrothed could turn her from her purpose.

She remained firm by what she held to be her duty, but a sneering remark of La Croix, which he allowed to escape, as if involuntarily, that the Croat, Colonel Isolani, was as much a connoisseur in beauty as Pappenheim, and would rejoice to see such a lovely damsel in his quarters, and also that Pappenheim's arm might perchance be able to reach across the Elbe, made her change her intent, and she relinquished it.

La Croix's accounts had, however, disturbed

the peace of her heart. His malicious narration, in which he knew how to weave together Pappenheim's gallantry and Hohendorf's love with a master hand—circumstances which Hedwig had as yet kept secret from her betrothed—would, in a less trusting heart, have easily excited the spark of jealousy; but on the true-hearted disposition of Moritz Trausdorf, the poisoned arrows rebounded harmless, in the maiden's heart alone lively recollections had been awakened.

La Croix returned to his lodging, overjoyed to have at least sown the seeds of discord, and revolved his future plans. Revenge on Pappenheim for Anna's sake and his own, was his aim: a secure retirement with the Swedes, was also necessary, and his captivity here according to his wishes, that he might find opportunities of making friends. The Margrave especially seemed to be his man.

Not so the distrustful Falkenberg. It was, however, necessary to collect information in Magdeburg, and to learn everything, so as more certainly to ensure his gaining Pappenheim's confidence. He must, therefore, discover

a source from which Pappenheim might draw such knowledge as he required, and by which he might get into communication with persons in the town, and have regular information therefrom. Thus, to deceive both parties, was his aim.

He succeeded wonderfully. Pappenheim who knew his cunning, and was instructed in his letter of the good treatment he had met with, and of his having been set at liberty, doubted not for an instant that he would use his time well, and was therefore in no hurry to negotiate his release.

La Croix turned his time to such good purport, that in spite of the guard which accompanied him every where, he managed to discover a party in the town well inclined to the Emperor, and willing to aid his designs.

After some days, Pappenheim sent a trumpeter with a letter to Falkenberg, in which he opened a negociation for La Croix's liberation, and offered to pay his ransom. He was, however, released without ransom, and in spite of Falkenberg's dissuasion, an open writing from the Administrator and the head Burgomaster,

Martin Brauns, signed with their own hands, was given him ; in which all Swedish commanders were admonished to receive Hauptmann La Croix, as an officer well inclined to Sweden, to lend him aid, and not to hurt him in person or property. It was also arranged with him that he should inform them of all the movements of the Imperial Army.

“ But,” added La Croix, in such a manner that they should believe just the reverse of what he should tell them, “ on which account the names of the works, the banks of the Elbe, and the commander’s names should be reversed,” a measure which he said would protect him in case of discovery.

After these precautions, he went to Pappenheim, who, not having yet forgotten the storm of the Kreuzhorst, received him very coolly. However, when La Croix showed him what he had done for him in Magdeburg, and how he himself stood with the Administrator, to prove which, he had even the impudence to show him the letter of recommendation, and assured him that his letters had free passage to the town, and that thus the General could receive, from those

who were devoted to the Catholic cause, every information. Concealing from him, however, that the Administrator had the key to the false accounts he might send him. Pappenheim's countenance cleared up.

"Thou shalt lead no more storms," said he, with a smile, "thou dost seem to have forgotten the way of it since Klosterberg; but like the crafty cat, thou shalt creep in, and we will use thy head and not thy hands."

"I can also give you intelligence that Hedwig, through Hohendorf's aid, is now in Magdeburg."

"That I knew long since," returned Pappenheim coldly, turned his back on him, and left him.

"Fool!" exclaimed La Croix, when he was alone in his apartment, "thou wouldest use me as the hungry man does dates; who eats the pulp and throws away the stone. Wise Rector of Altorf, thou would'st use me as a glove, to be drawn on and off at pleasure; but I will use thee for what thou art worth to me—I pitch my craft against thy wild aspiring mind; and whilst thou seekest nothing in my heart, yet shalt thou find therein the spirit of revenge."

CHAPTER IV.

Tilly had meanwhile proceeded with his army to Frankfurt on the Oder, and after causing the fortifications to be repaired, and the magazines supplied, he marched through the Mark to relieve Demmin. Gustavus Adolphus avoided fighting at this period, and drew nearer to the Oder. Tilly, who had on his march learned the shameful surrender of Demmin, now turned towards Mecklenburg, and advanced before New Brandenburg, where General Kniphausen lay with a garrison of two thousand Swedes. The orders sent to recall him from this untenable post, were intercepted and captured by the Imperialists; and the hastily

fortified town, after a valiant resistance was taken by storm, and the whole garrison (with the exception of the General and a few men, taken prisoners) was massacred. The town was fired, and here Tilly acted the first prelude to the sanguinary horrors of Magdeburg.

From hence he returned back to Magdeburg, and took up his quarters at Möckern, moved then over Pichau into the wood of Rehberg, and entrenched himself against the town. The various works upon the Kreuzhorst were taken the next day with but little resistance; the smaller redoubt alone, named "Magdeburg's Succour," was defended by a Lieutenant and twenty-four men so heroically, that he drove back five assaults; and the Imperialists, only after considerable loss, succeeded in forcing an entrance, when a cannon shot had carried off the arm of the brave officer. The next day the Prester redoubt was cannonaded, and the towers by Krakau stormed; both were evacuated by the garrison, so that of all the out-works there now only remained the Zoll redoubt and the cutting through the Marsh in the hands of the Magdeburgers. On the other bank of the

Elbe also, Mannsfeld had gained the Bukower redoubt. Suddenly a hope of rescue dawned in the report, that Gustavus Adolphus was moving against Frankfurt. Tilly determined to leave Magdeburg with the greater part of his forces, and to move against the Swedes by forced marches, in order to relieve Frankfurt, and in the meanwhile the siege was to be converted into a blockade. Pappenheim was inconsolable.

"You are then going," said he, as Tilly gave him the necessary orders. "You allow yourself to be enticed away by the crafty king, who merely wants this march to relieve Magdeburg, and if he is really in earnest in wishing to take Frankfurt, the bold chief will have stormed it before you can arrive, and it will be the same as at Demmin."

"Tiefenbach is there in command, with seven thousand of the Emperor's best troops," replied the General, "and he is no Duke of Savelli, nor is Frankfurt a place where a man has only to place his ladders and storm."

"And all here stand still the while," continued Pappenheim; "the citizens within are so

dispirited, that the Margrave and Falkenberg can scarcely force them to the walls. Every thing here is in the best train, and each day offers fresh laurels."

"You have only Magdeburg before your eyes," interrupted Tilly; "I Europe. If Frankfurt falls, Silesia and Bohemia lie open to the enemy. I march, and exhort you to be patient." He broke up that afternoon with eighteen thousand men.

Pappenheim returned in a most ill-tuned frame of mind. Tilly had taken with him nearly all the infantry of the League, incontestably the best in the army. As the Field-Marshal saw them defile one after another in the direction of Burg, his heart bled; the conquest of Magdeburg, in his mind, was now the weightiest event of the war, and he murmured loudly at Tilly's narrow-hearted views (as he called them,) who, to keep all, won nought. This day he could not rest in his room, indignation made him restless; he had already wearied three horses, and at length, with a thousand plans in his head, he strolled, as he was then often in the habit of doing, to an elm thicket,

behind Nedlitz, where, under some high-spreading trees, there was a pleasant spot : here he sometimes sought repose, and here he devised and developed many a destructive plan against the besieged town. No one followed him at such times, unless by special orders ; and the soldier, when he found him here, or in similar places in other quarters, sitting, and meditating, and then usually found something important was undertaken on the following day, entertained the belief that at such times he held communion with the Evil One, or with the familiar spirit which the superstition of the day allotted to every man of mark. He had wandered on this day to his favourite spot ; the spring sun had already covered the trees with green, it was besides a fine evening, and his excited temperament needed the repose of solitude ; he seated himself under the shady trees, and his thoughts wandered over the stern theatre of the war. A glance inwards at himself did not tend to calm him ; the thought, that this restless striving, should it even lead him to the highest step of his ambition, would still have him toiling after the unattainable.

By degrees, however, a softer feeling chased away the disgust that had seized him. He thought upon his youth, when knowledge and learning had been the highest aim for which he strove ; he thought of that peaceful time, from which his wild spirit had hurried him into the ranks of war. At this moment he heard in the distant bushes the tones of a lute, which perchance had been some time sounding, though he had not marked it, it was accompanied by a song, but he could not clearly distinguish the words.

He listened, and it was as if he thought he knew the voice, he looked around him and saw a youth standing at a distance, leaning against a tree ; he could not see his face, and the youth seeming not to notice him continued his song. At last he ceased. Pappenheim disturbed in his reverie was at first out of temper, but had involuntarily felt his sympathy awakened by the song, the notes of which sunk into his heart. The singer suddenly arose from his leaning posture, and struck his hand over the strings.

“ Singer,” called Pappenheim.

He turned, and started as he saw the General, but approached him boldly.

“How camest thou here, mid wars and battles, with thy lute?”

The young man took off his baretté, and looked on Pappenheim with his dark gleaming eyes.

“Do you in truth not know me, that you put this question to me, do you not know Anna?”

“Thou here!” cried Pappenheim, and mindful of her song, his eye rested kindly, and with sympathy upon her.

“Ay! I am here,” said she; “and wherever you may be, there you will surely meet me.”

She sprang with the swiftness of a startled roe into the thicket, and vanished from his sight.

Pappenheim looked after her long, and then revolving many passages of his wild life, returned to his quarters.

He gave orders to call Hohendorf, and bring wine.

The Rittmeister appeared.

“Sit thee down, Maximilian,” said he, kindly, “and help me to pass the time. I am in evil tune. Tilly’s departure vexes me, and

so many reflections have this day combined to make me sad ; even now Anna stood before me in boy's clothes."

" Were you thinking of her ?" asked Hohen-dorf.

" I was thinking on the bold King of Sweden, and his army, when she stood bodily before me," replied Pappenheim. " Her song and her looks were not calculated to soothe me ; therefore, let us drink, and try if wine can chase our vapours, and make us strong in cheerful hope."

He emptied the beaker, and as a servant brought lights :

" Bring wine," said he. " Away with thee ! the moon may light us."

It now shone with full splendour through the small panes of the window. Pappenheim threw it open, and gazed out into the night.

" Maximilian," said he, after a short pause, taking his hand, and leading him back to the table, " I have lived through much. Ofttimes has Fortune favoured me ; sometimes she has looked askance, but anything so strange as that

which happened to me at the fight by Prague, I have never since experienced. This is a fine spring night, soft and mild. 'Twas on a cold November night that I awoke from a lethargy like death upon a battle-field—but both are so much alike. Thus full and brilliant shone the moon—thus palely glimmered the stars, and there was just such a dead stillness there. I was then twenty-six years old, and Lieutenant-Colonel of (Erwitte's) cuirassiers," he continued. "We proceeded under the Elector of Bavaria, and old Tilly, against the Bohemians; 'twas my first fight, and I burned with desire to measure myself against the foe. We marched on. Soon the word was given to halt—the battle lines were formed—long we stood inactive there, and I was as impatient as my charger which pawed the ground. At length, the trumpet sounded. Oh! the glorious feeling of rushing on the foe at the head of my five hundred cuirassiers! This feeling I have never since experienced, not even later, when I have led armies. We attacked the Hungarians, whom Bethlem Gabor had sent to help the Bohemians; they scattered

before our charge, like chaff before the wind, but my wild spirit and my fiery horse urged me ever forward in advance of my men into the thickest ranks of the fugitives, who now gathered round me. A gigantic Hungarian cleft my helm with his sabre, blow upon blow fell upon me, and I sank unconscious to the ground. Still, for a long time, I heard the thunder of the cannon, the groaning of the earth under the horses' hoofs ; I heard the bands of horsemen, friend and foe, draw near ; I felt a light trembling, and remember well the fear arose in me that I should be trampled on by the horses' feet ; henceforth, however, the fight was o'er for me. I heard no more—the cannon or the horse's tread, nor the sighs and groans of dying men. I felt as if I were loosened from all earthly bonds. I was hovering through wide space amid millions of stars, which glittered round me like a sea of fire. I swept through unharmed, however, and soared still higher, and then again sunk through the starry host, and neared the earth. Then I resolved to soar again aloft, till I should reach the sun. I begun my flight, but the higher

I ascended, so much the farther off did it appear ; and I heard from out the clouds, which now gathered darkening before it, a voice which called to me, ‘As on earth, so in heaven. Every spirit has its limits fixed.’ At these words I became, for the first time, conscious that I no longer belonged to earth ; but that a spirit I hovered in unmeasured space, and an unspeakable longing arose in me for heaven. And as the clouds were rent asunder, and the sun once more shone more brightly than before, glowing upon me like a stream of fire, I believed I saw its gates opened, but I deceived myself : that, thought I, silently, cannot be heaven, for I feel not its holy bliss, here, where unsatisfied desires cling to me, and draw me on to that which I have not attained.

“Here Heaven’s calm cannot bear me on its wings ; and as I then regarded the glowing stars, which ever rolled in their even course, like fiery suns through the firmament beneath, as I beheld the sea of fire about me, under me, I, shuddering, cried, ‘Can this be hell with its flames?’ But no, it could not be ; the ethereal canopy appeared so pure, so azure above me, and a cooling air

breathed upon me, and revived me, and a sun-beam shone into my eyes; and as I looked around me calmly now, I beheld figures, like shadows, passing by me, singular forms, in shape like men, and yet so airy, as if lifeless, and driven by the wings of the storm; and I saw that they were the spirits of the dead, who waited, like myself, for the opening of the gates of heaven.

“Faith came strengthening to my heart, and I thanked God, who had led me from erroneous doctrines to the alone blessed making church, for now I felt that I was as those souls in purgatory, that my soul might be purified for its entrance into heaven; and as I once more thankfully raised my eyes toward the beaming sunlight, I felt as if they closed; the power of my wings left me, and lower and lower still I sank, until my hand touched the damp, cold earth. A dark spirit which approached me, grasped me with a powerful hand, shook my bones till they rattled like a skeleton, and shouted: ‘Awake sleeper, twelve years must first elapse, ere yet thy sand runs out.’ And as I opened my eyes,

I beheld the sun no more, but the full moon bright and beautiful, which beamed upon me. The stars with their twinkling lights shone above, and as I looked about me for the dark spirit, I saw my friends about me, and was greeted with a joyous: ‘Praise to God, he yet lives.’

“I had bled from twelve wounds; over and around me death’s victims had fallen thickly—they found me underneath a heap of corpses; my friends, however, who were anxious to give my earthly tabernacle a resting-place in holy ground, had sought me out among the dead, and recalled me to life. Was it all a dreamy vision coined by my wounded head, or had my soul indeed winged its flight away, and been commanded by the Lord to return to its earthly dwelling once again?—I know not.—I had lain three days, not dead, nor yet alive; and if it were no phantom of the brain, Maximilian, and that dark spirit’s speech a prophetic warning from on High, then know that in the ensuing year, my sand will have run out.”

“Empty the beaker,” said he, springing up, “meet death bravely; what can I lose thereby?”

what is death to him who lives in the memory of after ages? whither can it lead me, but to Heaven's portals; for every flame kindled by my word, which rises sparkling on High, every drop of blood that Pappenheim's sword pours out, flows, or rises to the honour of God."

Hohendorf shuddering, set down his cup, and turned away.

"What wilt thou?" cried Pappenheim vehemently, "whither goest thou?"

"Do I know," said Hohendorf, "I would fain to chapel and to prayer, and I would pray to the God of love and mercy, who needs not the wild warrior or his torch, or sword, to praise His name. That space you passed between death and life has Heaven granted you for knowledge—through flaming towns, or bloody fields, you enter not the gates of heaven, through fiery suns you strive in vain to reach them, and are never able, but are again cast down to earth. Think of the dark spirit's voice, which roused you from your sleep of death."

"Thou'rt a fool," retorted Pappenheim, "a

mixture of the valiant soldier and the heretic priest. Lookest upon our God even as a long-suffering master, like our pious Kaiser, who rewards his generals in Pomerania, instead of hanging them. Fire and sword are the earthly, as thunder and lightning are the heavenly messengers of the Lord, and with His help, will I send them over this nest of heretics," cried he passionately, and stretched his hand out towards Magdeburg.

"In the coming year, is your sand run out, and then must you give account," said Hohendorf, with emotion.

"As God will!" answered Pappenheim; "him, in whose breast He has set this faith so firm, He will not punish on account of what this faith has urged Him to. God be with thee, Hohendorf!" said he, in soft and feeling tones. "I am not angry with thee, thou mean'st it well with me, but thou dost want Faith."

CHAPTER V.

THE accounts from the besieging army, and those from the town were continually going to and fro, through La Croix's messengers. At first Pappenheim used to read the letters which the latter wrote, but when such decided and correct intelligence came from the town, he gave himself over to a blind confidence in La Croix. He now became more and more convinced that the town could not withstand a courageous assault, that the citizens were no longer the same men who had so heroically resisted Maurice of Saxony, and for that reason he was pleased ; notwithstanding his wishes for the success of the Emperor's armies, when he heard a few days afterwards, that Tilly was now returning in

as great haste to press the siege, as he had used in his departure, for Gustavus Adolphus had taken Frankfurt by storm; and Tilly, whose further march would now, under these circumstances, have been useless, had resolved to attack Magdeburg, with his whole force, before the Swedes could advance to its relief; he therefore returned by forced marches from Brandenburg.

On the 16th April, 1631, Tilly arrived and took his old camp, at the wood of Rehberg, and on the following day, he opened the trenches against the Zoll redoubt.

The Duke of Holstein received command of the troops appointed to attack. Less fortunate than Pappenheim, all his attempts were repulsed, and Tilly found himself obliged to follow Pappenheim's counsel, and threaten the works from the water. He placed a battery of six pieces on the little island of Krakau, another at Bukow, and cannonaded the redoubt at the point of the Red Horn so briskly from these posts, that that work which was only constructed with sandy soil was soon destroyed, and the garrison withdrew without waiting for an assault. Tilly sent over a regiment of infantry and a company of

dragoons at once to take possession of the deserted post. The troops of the League now approached the trenches still nearer to the Zoll redoubt itself, and the Duke of Holstein attempted once more to storm, and was once more repulsed, with a loss of upwards of five hundred men.

The garrison, however, fearing to be cut off from Magdeburg, Falkenberg gave orders to evacuate the work, and thus Tilly became master of the whole right bank of the Elbe, with the exception of the cutting on the marsh, where the citadel now stands. Hereupon he crossed the Elbe with the greatest part of his army at Westerhausen, took up his quarters there, and encamped his troops at Fermersleben.

A few days after, Pappenheim followed him, and advancing with the regiments of Pappenheim, Wangler, Savelli, Wahl, and Blankart and Don Balthasar, opposite the Neustadt, took up his quarters at Rothensee. The troops encamped by the Rothensee wood. The loss of the outworks, and the straightened communication with Saxony discouraged the citizens. The Administrator's soldiers in the town, scarce

two thousand five hundred strong, were discontented, for they were in want of everything, while the citizens lived in plenty. They looked upon the soldier as a burden, instead of regarding him as the man who fought at their side for the defence of their homes.

It was under such circumstances, that intelligence from La Croix was received in the town, that on the next day Pappenheim would attack the Neustadt, and Mannsfeld the Sudenburg : and, after long consultation, it was determined to evacuate both and set them on fire, (as the garrison was too weak to defend the whole extent of the works,) and to confine themselves to holding out the Altstadt. The inhabitants of these suburbs, who had already placed their property in security, bid farewell to their quiet dwellings, and in despair cast the firebrands into their houses with their own hands, and withdrew into the Altstadt, where they met a friendly reception from their fellow citizens. Not, however, in the same kindly manner did they receive the twelve hundred soldiers of the Administrator, and two hundred and fifty dragoons, who had been until now stationed

in the Neustadt and Sudenburg. The citizens obstinately refused them both quarters and shelter, and even the tents which were needed for the officers, so as to enable them to pitch them on the place for themselves. The cavalry volunteered to act as infantry, and to protect the most dangerous parts of the walls, if they would only give them food and quarters. For one night and two days they were compelled to remain out on the streets and starve, for but few of the citizens would give them a share of their own large stores of provisions, which were at a later period destroyed by the flames, or became the booty of the foe.

Community of danger, which in times of necessity usually unites men otherwise inclined to be hostile to each other, led to no union here; and the wealthiest citizens in particular showed the least inclination to sacrifice aught for the sake of their natal town or their faith. The torch of fate was waving over them. That spirit, which, in the times of the Reformation, had, in this once stronghold of the faith, spoken so energetically out, had for the most part deserted it. No one had the common good at

heart, and no one was now willing to devote life and property for the defence or well-being of their home. With increasing riches, the pride of the towns had, if possible, increased also ; but the old and earnest energy in word and deed had vanished. The walls of Magdeburg were mounted with seventy cannon, but the narrow spirit of avarice had neglected to lay up the necessary supply of powder : formerly, there had always been in store in the arsenal six hundred cwt. of powder, and five hundred of saltpetre. At the commencement of this siege, there was but one hundred and fifty cwt. of powder ; and, apparently, out of false shame, they had concealed that fact from the Swedish Commandant, who, when he at length discovered it, was reduced to the necessity of at once giving orders to use the cannon only in case of great need.

When at last the senseless Magdeburgers began to see that the siege was in earnest, which until now they had always doubted, every one took arms ; and they could reckon at that time five thousand citizens, with their sons and servants, and artizans, capable of bearing

arms ; and the various forts and works were placed under particular leaders. The Administrator undertook the defence of the Sudenburg, as far as Heideck. From Heideck to the Kroken Thor, Falkenberg held command—towards Neustadt, as far as the Elbe, General Amsterroth commanded. The fishermen took charge of the quarter by the Elbe, and Lieutenant-Colonel Frost of the Elbe Gate and the Marsh.

Scarce had the flames ceased to rage, ere Pappenheim occupied the still-smoking ruins of the Neustadt, fortified himself behind the walls yet standing, and opened the trenches the very next morning. The Magdeburgers, thereto excited by La Croix, had given him false information, that they were about to venture a sally from the Sudenburg Thor with their whole force. La Croix felt sure, as indeed it happened, that Pappenheim would act upon this. The Field-Marshal, already prepared in the trenches, no sooner heard a trifling fire of musketry on the opposite side of the town, than he hastened, with a detachment from his regiment, to the extreme end of the Neustadt,

in hopes, should he find this point exposed, to be enabled to effect a lodgment nearer to the town ; but scarcely had he arrived there, than the high gates were opened, and the Magdeburgers rushing out, fell upon Pappenheim's men, and drove them back. In vain did the Field-Marshal put himself at their head ; their reserves hung back, and they were forced to retreat ; a detachment was cut off, and Pappenheim himself obliged to conceal himself behind a wall ; three yards from him the Magdeburgers halted, three yards further and he had been in their hands, and Magdeburg had been saved, for his was the avenging spirit which held the brand of destruction over the town.

La Croix had, since the very beginning of the fight, separated himself from him, and Hohendorf alone, with some halberdiers of his regiment, shared his dangerous position behind the wall. "Death, death," whispered Pappenheim to him at this moment, "but not captivity !" But when, as if by a miracle, Amsterroth halted his men right before him, in the moment of victory, and then quickly retired into the town again, he said, with an

earnest look towards heaven: "My hour-glass has not yet run down, but, Maximilian, this day tells me that it will do so next year; until mine appointed hour I am spared."

Still more zealously did Pappenheim push on the attacks on this side, whilst Mannsfeld showed less activity in his assaults on the Heideck and the positions from the Ulrichs to the Kroken Thor, were not attacked at all. All this time, Tilly was negotiating, and several times sent trumpeters into the town to summon them to surrender; but the citizens remained firm, so that the month of May commenced, and Tilly was no nearer to his aim. Pappenheim urged him unceasingly. Landsberg on the Wartha was taken by the Swedes, and, at the same time, accounts arrived that the Elector of Brandenburg had given over the fortresses of Kustrin and Spandau to Gustavus Adolphus; in eight days, therefore, the King would be in order of battle before them on the Elbe, and all these things at length determined Tilly to increased activity and bolder measures, and Pappenheim's counsel, which would at another time have been rejected as rash, had this time its effect.

After repeated summons, it was resolved to hold a general council-of-war to decide either upon an assault, or on raising the siege. Through Amsterroth's sally, which was in direct contradiction to the information received, as it was indeed intended to be, La Croix had lost Pappenheim's confidence; his desertion of him in the moment of peril, he forgave, for he expected nought from his courage; but Hohen-dorf's frequent warnings had made him more cautious. This did not escape La Croix; his design to entrap Pappenheim by this sally had miscarried, and as his prospect in Magdeburg was now lost, and there was now nothing more to hope for there, he believed that, for his own safety, he could do nothing more for the unfortunate town, and he placed his last hope in the storm, in which he felt sure that Pappenheim would expose himself to every kind of danger; he, therefore, from this time, served Pappenheim *honestly*, and deceived the Administrator alone, as he had before deceived both parties. He had also been several times in Olvenstädt, and had held several consultations with Anna; but his plans for Pappenheim's destruction, which were ever bound up with a

political purpose, or his own interest, never agreed with hers. She wished for open war alone ; he for secret methods. Towards him she was still the same : “The deed first, and the reward when all is done,” these were her only words.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the 18th May, in the morning, while the town was hotly cannonaded, Pappenheim chanced to send La Croix with a message to Isolani, who, in accordance with Pappenheim's wishes, had as yet shown kindness to his host, although the close investment of the town had somewhat contracted his foraging limits. After La Croix had discharged his commission, he had a long private conference with Anna, in which he informed her, that on the morrow a council would be held, in which Pappenheim would probably prevail, and a storm be determined upon, and then he was in hopes that Pappenheim, carried away by his ardour, would meet his death.

Anna smiled contemptuously : “ Do you leave vengeance to the hand of chance ? ” said she ; “ but for what had you ever courage ? Procure me to-day an interview with Pappenheim, and I will myself become the saviour of the distressed town, and so expiate my guilt.”

“ Harken, Anna,” said La Croix, “ you have a man’s heart, and are easily excited to a bold act ; but you are only a woman, and in the moment of action will fail.”

“ You have but little confidence in me,” replied she sternly. “ ’Tis true, I often feel that I am but a woman, a weak woman ; but I feel also that my revenge is inextinguishable—alone will I execute the deed. Only procure an occasion for me, and the reward shall be yours, even as if you had done all yourself.”

“ And will you not vouchsafe me the least token of your favour, as a pledge for the fulfilment of your promise ? ”

“ Not the least,” answered she proudly.

“ Then were I a fool to forward your designs at the risk of my own life, and nothing won,” returned he coldly.

“ Do as you will,” she replied, and sunk into thought.

“La Croix,” began she at length, “a coward such as you I require no more. My pledge is herewith withdrawn—the sacrifice were all too great for such a miserable dastard nature. And know, that on my life hangs your weal; should I close my eyes this day, Pappenheim has the assurance of your treachery in his hand to-morrow. You see I also am provident; who so makes a treaty with Satan must take good heed not to be deceived.”

She turned from him, and left him.

“The affair grows serious,” thought he, as he rode home. “Craft against craft—she must also be destroyed, and I must tear her picture from my heart—in truth, it never had a place there; my senses’ eye alone was taken, and therefore am I still the slave of its allurements.”

Towards evening Pappenheim was sitting with Hohendorf and La Croix in his apartments: a plan of Magdeburg was spread before them; he thought on the council to be held on the morrow, when one of his servants handed him a note, which had been brought by a peasant boy, who was awaiting an answer—it was urgent.

Pappenheim broke it open, his countenance clouded, but the fiery mark of passion was not

visible, and by degrees, as his eye rested on the characters, it grew milder.

“Let the boy wait,” he directed.

The servant withdrew.

“This note,” said he, “moves me much—nature has not fashioned me for softness : war has used me both to tears and sighs, but yet I cannot restrain a feeling of compassion when I think upon this poor thing. The note is from Anna—she seeks an interview for this evening ; she writes so sadly ; and she must be most unhappy when her proud spirit thus humbles itself. I anticipate her wish : she seeks help and protection.”

“Refuse it not,” urged Hohendorf ; “refuse not to the unfortunate the only consolation left her.”

“And what will it profit her?” suggested Pappenheim ; “whatever money or power can effect shall be done, without her seeing me.”

“General,” returned Hohendorf warmly, “to a broken heart a kindly sympathising word is more than gold—grant her prayer.”

“Well then, bring her to me at twilight, and let her know it.”

During this discourse, which La Croix had listened to with intense attention, how many contradictory thoughts and plans arose within him. Should he destroy Anna? he would also in that case be ruined; besides which a certain something that certainly sprung not from the noble source of love, restrained him. Should he be silent, and should her plan, which he could not clearly penetrate, miscarry, who could warrant him that she might not be detained, and would involve him in her fate? Should it succeed, would he gain thereby? perhaps, at any rate, he would be secure. He was assured that his word would not be heeded, especially if he so worded it, as to touch Pappenheim's weak side.

"General," exclaimed he suddenly, as Hohendorf was about to leave the room, "be not over hasty; hear me, ere you send Hohendorf away. Consider Anna's character—consider to what steps insensate passion, may lead a girl who has ventured to follow you thus disguised; if she should approach you with vengeance in her heart and a dagger in her bosom. An injured woman is capable of all. Keep her from your presence—have her watched: moreover, she is

a heretic, and you are the spirit that urges Tilly to the destruction of this heretic town—consider this, and hearken to my warning—fear Anna.”

“A fitting counsel to come from thee,” said Pappenheim, with a laugh. “Thou art fearful even of a woman—or is there more at the bottom of this; if so, I pity thee, La Croix. Even the remnants of my table are but for the brave. Go, Hohendorf, bring her here; and thou, ride to camp, see what is doing there, and make thy report at ten o’clock.”

As it began to get dusk, Hohendorf, led in Anna. Pappenheim gave her a chair.

“Sit,” said he kindly.

She sat down.

She was to-day also in boy’s clothes, and wore a close-fitting doublet, without a cloak. Pappenheim, mindful of La Croix’s warning, cast a cursory glance over her slender and handsome figure—no dagger could be concealed in such a guise. She kept her eyes cast down, and appeared to tremble, but soon collected herself, and looked up at Pappenheim, while a faint smile came across her countenance, as she saw him stand before her with kindness and sympathy

in his eye ; but the smile vanished quickly, and she could only with effort conceal what was passing in her heart.

“What dost thou desire, Anna?” said Pappenheim, breaking the silence: “speak openly, and fear not.”

“I come to beg your advice,” she said.

“And in what can I then counsel you?”

She cast her eyes down in embarrassment, and the trembling of the hand which covered her face and eyes, showed how greatly she was moved.

“Can you not then divine it, Count Pappenheim?” said she in a low tone. “Oh, spare me words, they would kill me.”

“I do divine what you venture not to speak.” returned he, much affected, and looking feelingly at the girl, who, stricken with her destiny, sat shaking before him ; her eyes still covered with her trembling hand. Anna must have been deeply shaken, for she could scarcely stammer forth a request for a little wine.

“Art thou not well, Anna?” asked Pappenheim, kindly.

“No, Sir,” said she in a faltering tone.

He rang and ordered a servant to fill two goblets with wine—they were brought.

“Sir,” said she, springing up from her seat as if quite another spirit had possessed her, “I am deserted, spurned from my father’s house, must wander on my way a beggar; drive me not from you, give me not up to despair, make good the wrong you have done.”

“Gladly,” answered Pappenheim, “gladly, unhappy one; never shalt thou languish in misery. Gold I can give thee, I would I could also give thee peace of heart,” he went to a desk, which stood in a distant part of the room, and opened it; as he did so Anna drew forth a paper, and ere Pappenheim had closed the desk, shook out its contents into one of the goblets.

“Anna,” said he kindly, to the trembling girl, who had grasped the other cup, “thou dost grieve me: full dearly hast thou paid for a transient passion.” At these words her eyes glowed and her mouth quivered, she put the cup to her lips.

“Sir,” said she, as her eye rested upon him with a peculiar expression, “I empty this with a reconciled heart, may God be gracious to you,” she drank some of the wine; “and now be com-

passionate," stammered she, "and say a friendly word to me, and empty thy cup to my weal, that despair kill me not."

"Anna," said Pappenheim (extending a full purse to her, which she vehemently cast upon the table as if it burnt her), as he grasped the goblet, "the gold for the instant, hast thou need of more, let me but know it; rely upon my sympathy, and were I capable of love, had not twelve years of war weaned me from all softer feelings, I know no woman who could enchain me, but thyself. If it gives thee joy to know it, receive my assurance of it; I will ever think of you with devotion, will ever fulfil my duties to you as a friend and as a father. Take confidence, Anna," continued he kindly, "hope in God, enter into the Communion of our Catholic Church, there you will find pardon and peace: but why dost thou tremble so? I will empty this beaker to thy weal, and we will part in love," he said, and put the goblet to his lips.

"Drink not!" screamed she, "for God's sake drink not," she tore the goblet from his astonished hand and cast it far away.

"What dost thou now?" asked Pappenheim

in wonder, "and why dost thou wrest the cup thus violently from my hand?"

"Vengeance had consecrated it to death," cried she in a fearful tone, "the wine was poisoned."

Pappenheim regarded the unhappy girl with a fixed look. She stood with her hand pressed on her violently beating heart, and without shrinking, proudly returned his glance.

"Thy fate," exclaimed she, "was in my hand; but I could not kill thee, I had loved you too fervently to be able to destroy you; my heart is weak, but my spirit is unbroken. Now call thy myrmidons and finish thy work, I know how to die."

"Anna," said Pappenheim, gazing at the damsel with astonishment, in whose glances love and hate alternated so strangely, "Anna, dost thou believe I am a monster! God be with you, and may He give you peace! but beware of such attempts, thou mightest not ever find me so forbearing. Take the gold—what I have promised, I will yet perform."

"Shall I take thy gold?" cried she bitterly, "dost thou believe that gold can still the anguish

of insulted love. I need not thy gold, I can still, though at a distance, watch over my sick father's couch, and need not wander desolate o'er the world. What I told thee was but deceit to awaken thy compassion, to enable me to approach thee; had my awful fate then struck me, I could have succumbed, and all had been ended."

"Fearful being," interrupted Pappenheim, "thou art too great in my eyes to be crushed—too terrible to be left to your own passion's sway. What shall I do with thee?"

"Leave me to my inward torment, and you will pass a fearful judgment upon me," she replied; "for know, Pappenheim, that now in this moment do I first recognize the full extent of my unhappiness—now do I feel the anguish that nought can mitigate. I feel that I love thee still, and yet would fain hate thee. Over thy grave alone can my love flame upwards—can my hatred be consumed—and, therefore, leave me, to my fate, that still binds me to you as a chain of thorns; leave me, and think of me with kindness."

She rushed out, and when Hohendorf re-

turned, he found the General sitting thoughtful at the table, and as if he hardly noticed him.

“Maximilian,” said he, at length, “I fear I have marred a glorious piece of Nature’s work, which, worthy of a better fate, I have made immeasurably unhappy. Let her not approach me again; but inquire about her, aid her, counsel her where thou canst; her fate is some way linked with mine.”

He extended his hand to his youthful friend, and that day mentioned Anna no more.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

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